OCT.6.1978.No94

RAM

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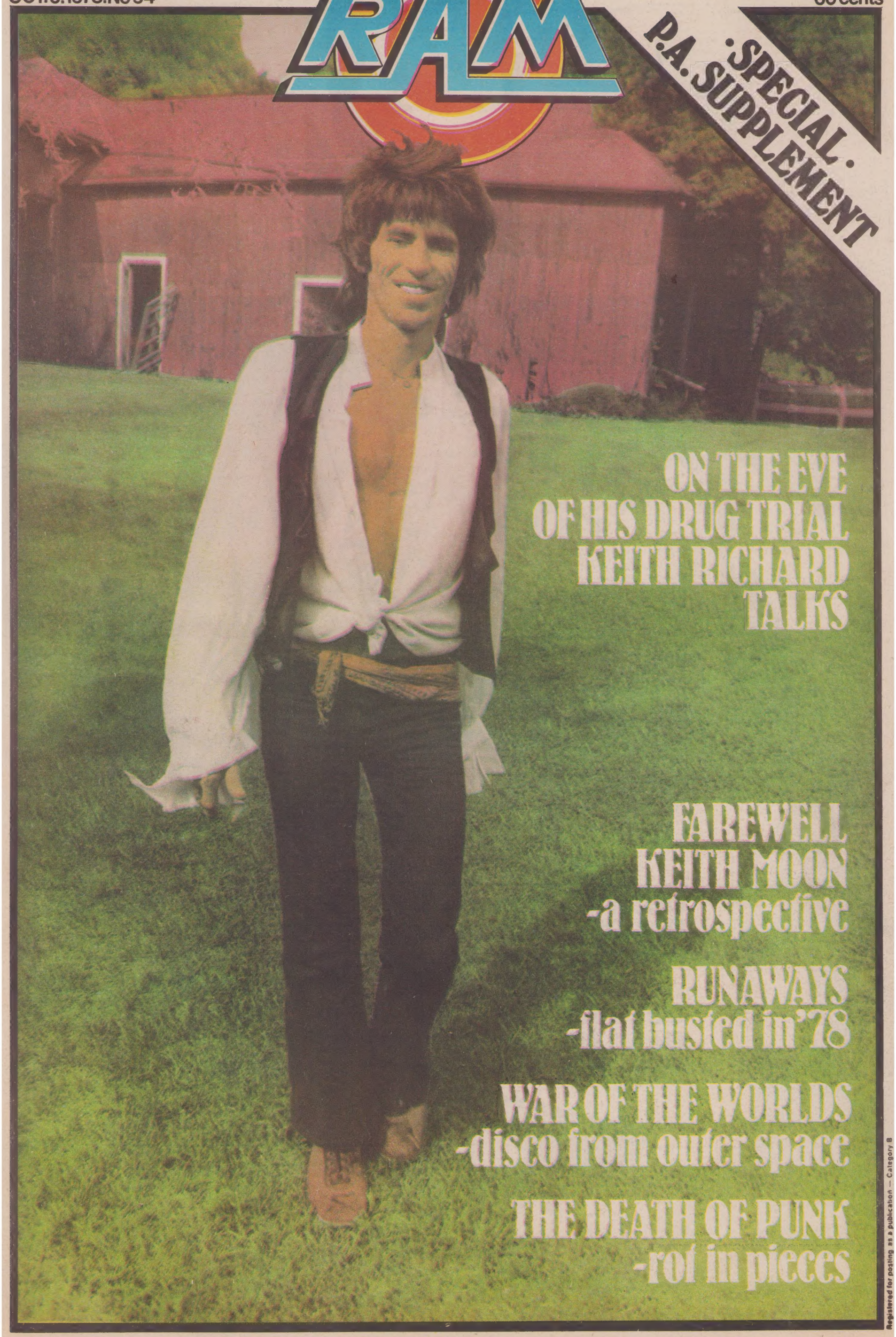


ON THE EVE OF HIS DRUG TRIAL KEITH RICHARD TALKS

FAREWELL KEITH MOON -a retrospective

RUNAWAYS -flat busted in'78

WAR OF THE WORLDS -disco from outer space

THE DEATH OF PUNK -rot in pieces

Registered for posting as a publication — Category B

Leo De Castro · Jon English · Sex Pistols · Etta James · Midnight Oil · David Johansen · Otway & Barrett · High Rise Bombers · Rock Movies

MARQUEE ATTRACTIONS and GLENN WHEATLEY
in association with THE BOTTLERS OF COCA-COLA
PRESENT

LRB

...Just when you thought Summer wasn't coming...

HOME RUN '78

LITTLE RIVER BAND

GREAT KEPPEL Isl
OCT 5

Oct. 7th Townsville Soundshell
Oct. 9th Brisbane Festival Hall
Oct. 10th **Oct. 11th** Newcastle Civic Theatre
Oct. 12th Sydney Regent Theatre
Oct. 16th Canberra Civic Theatre
Oct. 17th Albury Regent Theatre
Oct. 19th Melbourne Festival Hall

Little River Band's Latest Album
It's A Long Way There
EMA. 328 (Also Available on Cassette)

EMI EMI RECORDS AUSTRALIA

Coke adds life

DIRT

MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

Australia's largest musical event, The Australian Music Expo '78, will be held at the R.A.S. Showgrounds in Sydney from Thursday 30th November through to Sunday 3rd of December. There will be a variety of live music including concerts from **Gunther Gorman, Rose Tattoo** and **Stars. Bo Diddley** is also expected to perform, along with presenting awards at the Annual Australian Rock Music Awards.

TELECOMPLAINTS

The Telecom strike thwarted negotiations for **Ol '55's** Jimmy Manzie to write a score for a forthcoming movie. The band's manager, Robert Manvell, says the dispute made it impossible to continue negotiations by phone. After a month of negotiations with an American film producer, the delays made it no longer viable as a deal, as it would have taken too much time. Jimmy wrote the score for the *F.J. Holden* movie, and is currently writing and recording songs for the new Ol '55 album, *Cruisin For A Bruisin.*

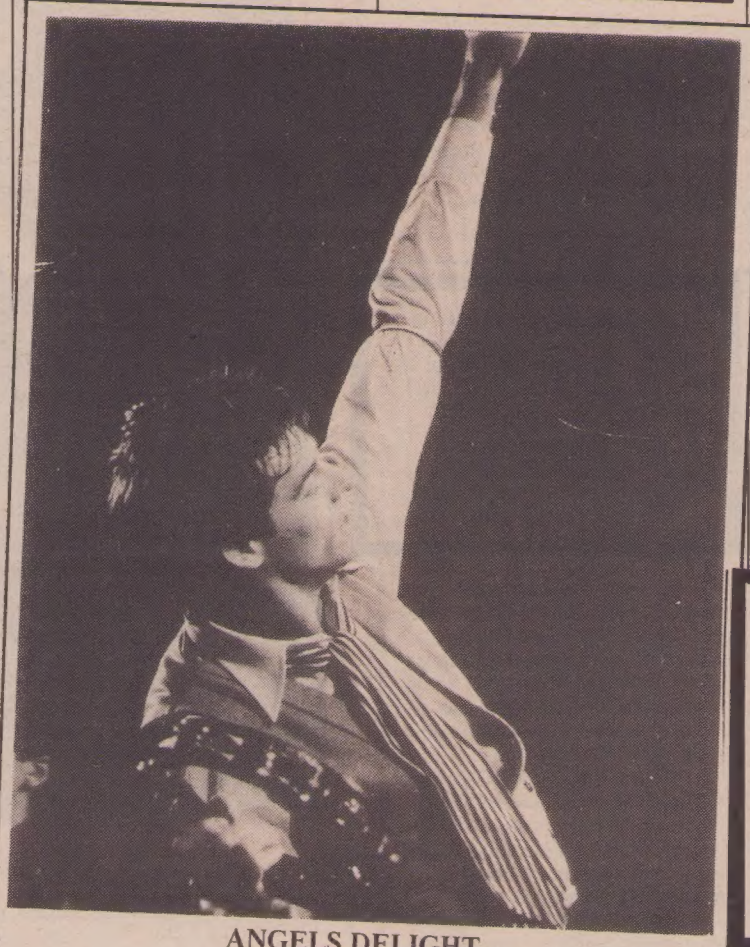
Beatles albums are about to be re-released on coloured vinyl: *Abbey Road* on green, *Sergeant Pepper* as picture disc, *The White Album* on white and two compilation L.P.s on red and blue.

BLACK BAN

Lou Reed made national news in the U.S.A. when he was refused permission to perform *I Wanna Be Black* on the T.V. show Midnight Special. Instead, Lou was interviewed on the topic of censorship. Lou, always one for quotable quotes, answered "Yes, and I play it to my mother" when asked if he would play the song to his children.

WARNING: THIS DON BITES

Don McLean (now touring Australia) was so outraged by a bad review in the British mag *Melody Maker,* that he wrote a long letter of complaint. Showing that he is in no danger of false modesty, McLean listed his skills as follows: "I write good songs, I sing on pitch, I can play my instruments . . . I charge reasonable prices. In other words, I know my craft and I have spent 15 years playing it in night clubs and concert halls around the world." By contrast, McLean points out that "cynical rags like Melody Maker continue to sell the disco junk and glitter trash that make the commercial music scene the perverted cesspool it has become, awash with no-talent clowns who do anything to sell records, except make decent music". So be warned, Australian concert reviewers.



ANGELS DELIGHT

The Angels are fast becoming one of Australia's premier touring acts. A recent gig at the Paddington Town Hall in Sydney pulled over 2000 people, with many being turned away at the door. The new Angels album, *Face To Face,* is moving rapidly up the charts after only two weeks of release, and the single, *Take A Long Line,* is receiving plenty of airplay around Austraila.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

Spicy **Joyce McKinney,** the former beauty queen who tied up a Morman to have her evil way with him, has just received the ultimate accolade – a record in her honour. Ms McKinney was put on trial in Britain for kidnapping the Mormon, but escaped to the USA. Now a British group called Demon Preacher has immortalised her on wax. The name of the single . . . *Little Miss Perfect.*

RUDE AWAKENING

Former **Sex Pistol,** Sid Vicious, had quite a memorable few days recently. He awoke in his Maida Vale flat 2 weeks ago to find the body of John Shipcott, a 19 year old studio assistant, slumped over his armchair. Shipcott was last seen alive in the early hours of that morning, and the cause of death is believed to have been a drug overdose.

And the tours just keep on coming. Elvis Costello has been announced as a December tour. The Divine Miss M – Bette Midler will be here during late October and early November. The mad Scotsman Billy Connolly is meandering around Australia at present muttering something about vegemite. Then, of course, there's David Bowie, Peter Frampton . . . and who do you think will be supporting Peter?

THE PEASANTS ARE REVOLTING

An American magazine, *The Hollywood Reporter,* relates that L.A. performers are being kidnapped and held to ransom. And even rich rock stars are being advised to lie low in England and not to travel in limousines. According to the report, there have been many instances where rocks have been thrown at cars belonging to rich Californians during their visits to Blighty.

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Just before going to press we received from England - Pete Townshend's statement on the death of Keith Moon.

"We all feel very weird, Keith has always appeared so close to blowing himself up in the past that we've become used to living with the feeling. But this time Keith hasn't come round, he hasn't thrown himself off the balcony and landed in one piece. Our first thoughts as a band are for Keith's close ones: his mother, his ex-wife Kim and daughter Mandy, and his fiancee Annette, due to be married so soon. Next we think about the fans of The Who. We are here poised with an album in the charts, films in the making, and although there have always been questions, the future looked better for The Who just before Keith's death than it ever did. Next we think about ourselves and I have to admit that it's now we cry tears that just can't be held back. We have lost our great comédian, our supreme melodramatist, the man who apart from being the most unpredictable and spontaneous drummer in rock would have set himself alight if he thought it would make the audience laugh or jump out of their seats. We have lost our drummer, but also our alter-ego. He drove us hard many times, but his love for every one of us always came through ultimately. The Who? Well we are more determined than ever to carry on and we want the spirit of the group to which Keith contributed so much to go on although no human being can ever take his place. We love him, and he's gone. I've always complained that up till now when I've walked into a pub someone has slid next to me, nudged me, and said 'ere, that Keith Moon, what's he really like? For the first time in my life I will know what to answer - I wish I didn't."

The **Ramones'** *Road To Ruin* live album will not be released in America. It will, however, be released in Europe, the U.K. and Japan in late autumn, and in Australia at the same time (our Spring).

Robert Stigwood is making moves to buy the contracts of John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John from R.C.A. and M.C.A. respectively. He's offered $3 million for Olivia's two-year contract with M.C.A., and this just could be one of those offers she can't refuse.

Was that really **Darryl Cotton** we saw during a taping of *Night Moves* one night, chasing a well-known Melbourne PR lady along the footpath with his pyjamas around his ankles? Nah, couldn't have been.

Graham Parker's manager, Dave Robinson, reveals that he's been out to Australia before —— when he was tour manager to the **Jimi Hendrix Experience.** Seems that in 1968, Hendrix was interested in touring down under and sent over Robinson to check out the possibilities. It never came off.

The Buzzcocks have released a new album overseas, titled *Love Bites.* Two tracks from the set, *Ever Fallen In Love With Someone You Shouldn't* and *Just Lust* have been released as a single. The Buzzcocks have been supporting Blondie on their European tour, and will be heading their own British tour in late September.

NOT JUST FIZZ AFTER ALL

Graham Parker was agreeably surprised by Australian bands once he'd listened to a few. He is particularly keen on Sports, who are supporting the part gorilla and the Rumour on their tour. GP commented: "I had thought all Australian bands sounded like Sherbet".

ANTI-DEMOCRATIC

The Buddy Holly Story, the new feature film released in the U.S. by Columbia Pictures, is said to be a successful portrayal of the singer's life. The main reason is the lead actor, Gary Busey, a 33-year old Holly appreciator who gives a sensitive and yet energetic portrayal. Says Busey of Holly offstage: "He was aggressive, impatient, lots of speeding tickets . . . there was no democracy in the man. If you worked in his band you did it his way." Which goes to show there were punks in Texas in 1959.

MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS

David Bowie, Mick Jagger, Aretha Franklin and Bette Midler, it turns out, were all approached to appear in R.S.O.'s *Sergeant Pepper* movie, but the fees weren't high enough. *Strawberry Fields* was going to be sung by Olivia, but Peter Frampton said it wasn't on because she was taller than him. Olivia apparently preferred the racy part of Lucy anyway . . . and remember that in *Grease* she couldn't wait to drop the goodie-goodie look for the tarty role.

Contrary to rumours started in English rock papers, **Blondie's** Debbie Harry and Chris Stein will *not* be getting married. In a *New Musical Express* interview, Debbie confesses to doubts about ever tying the knot: "Marriage? That story will probably cause a suicide".

Elvis Costello was involved in a backstage fight with a Norwegian photographer Richard Wood recently. He told Wood to "fuck off" out of the building but Wood had paid for his ticket and was determined to stay and watch the show. When set upon by Costello's roadies, Wood began nailing them to the wall with his black-belt karate tactics. Elvis ran into his dressing room and locked the door. In the end Wood watched the show from the balcony with Cliff Richard and his manager, and Elvis eventually emerged on stage – two hours late!

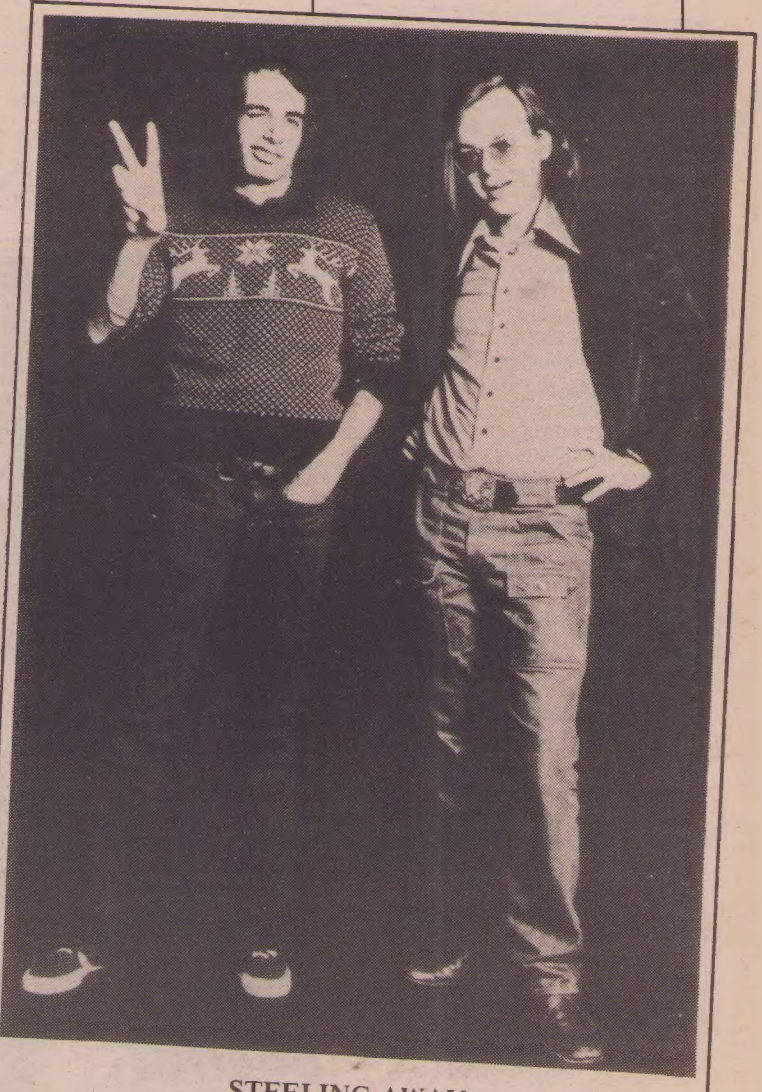
SHORT SIGHT

Muhammed Ali has developed a soft spot for Russia. Back in the States after visiting there, he told reporters: "I saw much that pleased me – I only saw one policeman, I didn't see no guns, I didn't see no crime and no prostitutes and I didn't see no homosexuals." A retort from the magazine *Gay News* was "There's none so blind!"

Peter Gabriel, ex-vocaliste extraordinaire with Genesis, returned to the stage recently at London's Oxford New Theatre. Gabriel, along with bassist Tony Levin and guitarist Sidney McGinnis, all sported bald heads; and would you believe his repertoire included a punk (1-2-3-4-fast) version of *Whiter Shade Of Pale* – complete with spitting?

THE CAT CAME BACK

Al Stewart, of *Year Of The Cat* fame, hasn't been heard of for awhile, but he has a new album out this month. Titled *Time Passages,* it was produced by Alan Parsons and features Tim Renwick, Peter Wood, Stuart Elliott and Jeff Porcaro.

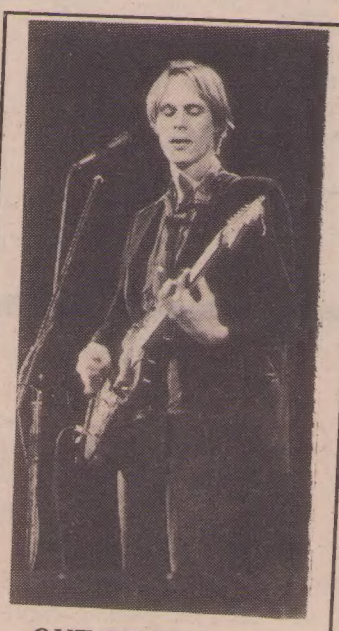


STEELING AWAY

Steely Dan will probably leave A.B.C. Records for W.E.A., despite president of A.B.C. personally writing the liner notes for their *Aja* album. The reason? More money. Steely Dan are obliged to deliver two more albums to A.B.C.: one, a double, will probably be out for Christmas, and the other in May '79. Steely Dan are now being managed by Californian wiz Irv Azoff who also guides **The Eagles** and **Linda Rondstadt.**

JUST AN OLD BOY

In October Leo Sayer begins his most extensive British tour since his earlier fame with the *Just A Boy* album. Sayer's new single, *I Can't Stop Loving You,* is taken from his sixth album, *Leo Sayer.* He'll be filming his own television series later this month and is now firmly established as a family entertainer.



OUT OF ORDER

Television, one of New York's premier new wave bands, have disbanded. The split was mainly due to the critics' panning of their second album, *Adventure,* and to half-full houses in their European tour. Guitarists Tom Verlaine and Richard Lloyd will record solo albums for Elektra. According to Verlaine, "There was a full moon that night . . . Moby Grape broke up on a full moon. So we wanted to too".

Yes will play three shows at Wembley Arena in October to top off their American tour and follow up the release of their new album *Tormato.* The shows mark the British celebration of Yes's 10th anniversary – they were formed in October 1968. The band will be donating 1p to the environmental group Greenpeace for every copy sold of their single *Don't Kill The Whale.*

While hanging out in Los Angeles, **The Clash's** Joe Strummer and Mick Jones were spotted by a female local. She was obviously impressed by Joe's regulation leather jacket and sharp Eddie Cochran hairdo, but, just to make sure she wasn't mistaken, she span around and beamed *"John Travolta!* Right?" . . .

I ME MINE YOURS

Only 1,000 copies of a book on George Harrison, titled *I Me Mine* are being published by one Bryan Roylance and Genesis Publications. Each will be immaculately produced, leather-bound, on quality paper, hand-numbered and autographed by George. The text will include manuscripts of some of George's original songs, written on envelopes, hotel bills and the like, with doodles and notes on some 50 Harrison songs. The book will also feature 32 photos of the early Beatles, a preface by George and a nostalgic introduction by Beatles press officer Derek Taylor. Why only 1,000 copies of this unique document? "To make it special" comments Bryan Roylance. Each copy will cost $232.

FAITHFUL TO HER ORIGINS

Marianne Faithfull gave a performance in a "lucrative" English club as a warm-up for her forthcoming European tour. Dressed in a black leotard and matching leather mini-skirt, she sang her way through a highly varied batch of songs, including *Locomotion, Summertime Blues, All Along The Watchtower, Sister Morphine* and Mink De Ville's *Party Girls.* Marianne's return to singing marks the end of a career in many and varied fields: from convent girl to Mick Jagger's girlfriend, to cult films to Punk Society.

As a climax to the week long Australian Blues Music Convention (Sept. 25 to Oct. 2). The Australian Blues Society has decided to stage the 1978 Battle of the Blues Bands, this time at a much larger venue and with a greatly extended line-up of blues artists and celebrities. The 1978 Blues Battle will take place at the **MAYFAIR THEATRE** CASTLEREAGH ST, SYDNEY on Sunday October 1, beginning at 8.00pm. Locked in deadly musical combat will be **Smokestack Lightning** from Adelaide, **The Rugcutters, The Foreday Riders** and **The Big Town Playboys** all from Sydney. As well as these four leading bands there will be a special guest appearance from an all star blues line-up under the title of **Saroff & The Cool Ones.** This group will actually appear in masks and as such their true identity will remain a secret!

Bay City Roller Les McKeown walked out on the band in L.A. recently, amid a barage of custard pies. He is under threat of being sued by the other Rollers if he doesn't fulfill his touring commitments with them in Japan. According to manager Tom Paton, there's no plans to replace McKeown, although if there WAS it would be "anybody from Johnny Rotten to Andy Williams".

AT THE END OF A RAINBOW

Ritchie Blackmore had a full-scale punch-up with another band, REO Speedwagon's, tour manager in Atlanta, Georgia. The house lights went up during one of **Rainbow's** numbers and *Somewhere Over The Rainbow* began to waft over the P.A. Ritchie was disgusted: "The lights went on, man, and it was like that shit is finished and we're on next!"

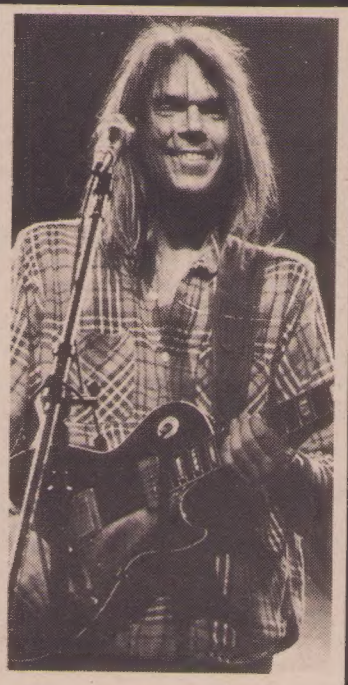
ARMATRADING STOCKS RISE

Joan Armatrading continues to soar . . . After a sellout Australian tour Joan won the prestigious AZ-STAR Award in Munich for her first European tour. The award is for the "Outstanding Concert of the Year". At Bob Dylan's request she appeared with him at a huge outdoor concert near London last month which also featured Graham Parker and the Rumour.

Yes are calling their next album Yes Tormato and there's a good reason for the odd title. Apparently Yes member Steve Howe had come across a place of great scenic beauty in Devon, going by the name of Yes Tor. Thinking this was the ideal location for the album's cover photography, pictures of Yes Tor were duly taken. The pictures were not, however, up to scratch. So a disappointed Yes, renowned for their riotous behaviour, slung tomatoes at the prints, hence the idea for the records title.

HINES SIGNS FOR EUROPE

Marcia Hines was recently signed to Logo Records, London, and they will be releasing her records both in the U.K. and Europe. Logo Records are a newly formed label owned by the giant Cavendish Print and Publishing Organization. A debut single for the U.K. has not been decided for Marcia yet. Her first European release, however, is *You*, the song which reached Number one here and gave Marcia her first gold single record award for sales of over 52,000.



YOUNG AND UNREADY

Neil Young's long-awaited album, which was due out in July, will probably not be released now until well after September, while Young personally inspects the quality of the master cuts for every country of issue.

Three original members of **The Damned,** British punks of the First Wave, formed a group called Les Punks for one concert only. Dave Vanian, Rat Scabies and Captain Sensible were joined by Motorhead's Lemmy and other special guests for this one-off treat.

Bing Crosby's grand-daughter Denise, who hopes to appear in Playboy soon, is all set to record a punk arrangement of *White Christmas.*

OLDIES ROCK BACK

Big Star, one of the legendary American bands who have just begun to be recognised for their fine '60's pop orientated music, are to reform. All three of the band's albums have recently been rereleased overseas which has prompted the original members, Alex Chilton, Jody Stephens, Chris Bell, and Andy Hummell, to reform. Chilton is well known as the singer with the **Box Tops** some years ago. They had hits with *Cry Like A Baby* and *The Letter.* Big Star are currently rehearsing in Memphis and planning a new album and European tour.

HELP

Rekord
A Spectacular
4 piece harmony group
from the Channel Islands
Look forward to work
in Australia
for further p.r. contact
their marketing manager
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Continental Hotel,
St. Saviours Road,
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Jersey,
Channel Islands,
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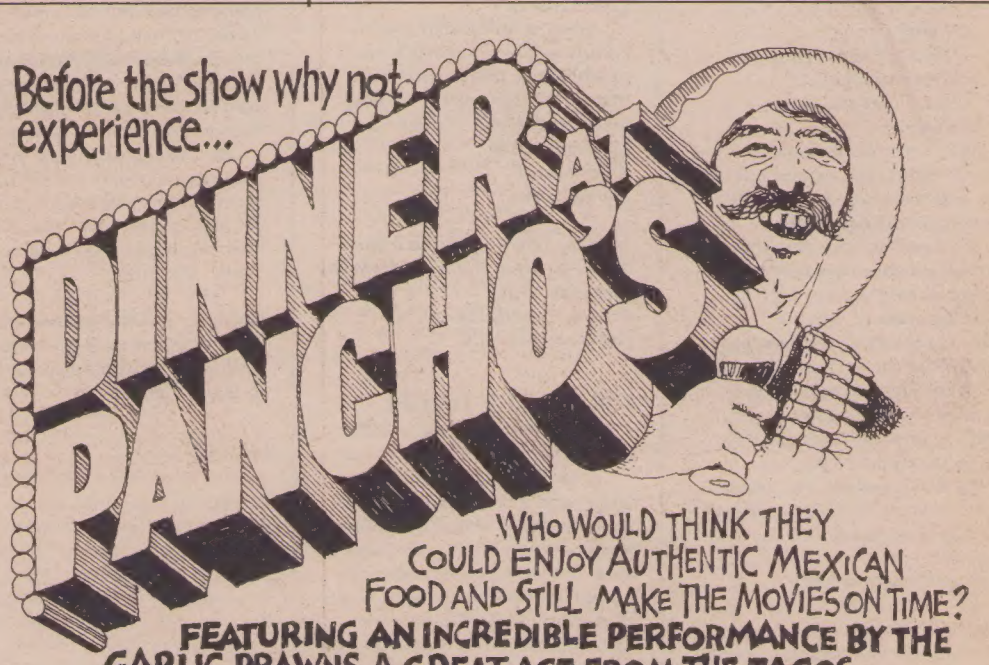

Before the show why not experience...
DINNER AT PANCHO'S
WHO WOULD THINK THEY COULD ENJOY AUTHENTIC MEXICAN FOOD AND STILL MAKE THE MOVIES ON TIME?
FEATURING AN INCREDIBLE PERFORMANCE BY THE GARLIC PRAWNS, A GREAT ACT FROM THE TACOS
SUPPORTED BY ALL THE MEXICAN FAVOURITES YOU KNOW & LOVE.
FULLY LICENCED
OPEN TILL MIDNIGHT FOR SUPPER
PANCHO VILLA
Mexican Canteen
DOWN FROM THE HOYTS CENTRE IN GEORGE STEET.
MC131

This week's letters sorted through by average punters S. Coupe and D. Baer. Remember—brevity is the soul of wit. We have not corrected spelling this time, just to show what kind of people write to us.
Sorry to all those who wrote in asking for a photo of Debbie Baer and/or the rest of the RAM staff. Can't find one of D.B. without pimples, and Stuart Coupe's passport photo is terrible. It would destroy our chances of remaining average punters, and we don't want to end up as dartboards on someone's kitchen wall.

DISCO REBATE . . . AGAIN

These days it seems very cool for every cunt to knock disco's. I love 'em, I go to a different disco every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday & Saturday night. I'm not too ashamed to dance either—I don't care if any cunt thinks I'm a nurd. I suppose by now, everyone out their thinks I'm a John Travolta-look alike, who digs the Village People and buys 'Grease' and 'Saturday Night Fever' soundtracks.

Well I'm not, I'm more like a mandraxed-Keith Lamb look alike and my record collection consists of Thin Lizzy, Hendrix, Springsteen, Led Zeppelin, Hush, Aerosmith, early Rolling Stones and Sabbaf, among others. I also smoke dope, have pierced ears, tattooes and ride a motorbike and wear greasy denims.

The main point of this letter is to point out to all the fuckin' units out there that people who dig heavy music and smoke dope, can be the type of people who get dressed up four nights a week and have a fuckin' great time at a disco. One thing I will give disco-music is that you can't resist dancing to it. So all dope-freaks out there who think all disco-goers are weak, cutesy-pie fairies, get fucked they're great, friendly intelligent people.
DiscoFreak,
Victoria

Good to hear someone isn't biased against disco's because they aren't the 'in' thing. S.C.

MOLL FLOUNDERS

How long is it going to be before Australia wakes up to the fact that its so-called No. 1 Rock Program is rapidly turning it away from its own artists? As it is, *Countdown* has become Ian Meldrum's chance to act like a big twit on the air, giving his own unasked for, biassed opinions.

Look, I know that many say he has the future of the Australian Rock Industry at heart, and I don't doubt he has, but let's face it, as a compere of a nationwide program (which is a very influential position), he leaves much to be desired.

If I could have all Molly's words in front of me, and crossed out every time he said:
—"okay",
—"right",
—"the best album or group to emerge this year",
—"the nicest guy in the business",
or every time his "certain tour" did not eventuate, I'd run out of biro and there'd be bloody little meaningful dialogue left.

It's a sad fact but true that Australia is considered a dumping ground or easy market for anything made of vinyl. The people in the most responsible positions in the rock media need to sift through the rubbish and get back to the basics of good music, presenting facts sensibly and in an unbiassed manner.

We don't need all the rubbish about promoting overseas talent in place of our own.
Steve
Clarence Town, N.S.W.

Now look. Molly's one of the nicest guys in the business. Right? Okay. D.B.

ANOTHER SHERBET LETTER . . .

To that ex-Sherbet fan that is a nut. I felt sorry for Sherbet having a fan like you.

Big deal you wait 15 hours for Sherbet. I wait too and all I can say is that you are a fuck-wit. I hope all your J.P.Y. and Skyhooks records melt and I am no teenybobber (?) either.

I would just like to say that the new Sherbet album is great. It's the best one they've ever done.
Sherbet fan
N.S.W.

This is the shortest (and least painful) letter we've received about Sherbet's airport dilemma/ Darryl's beard/their new album being their best ever/how Dragon and Skyhooks will never surpass them. D.B.
What about D.B.'s comments on Sherbs in issue 93, eh? S.C.

What is Kate Bush's address and favourite position?
F. Neeson, Oz.

1. *Withering Heights, U.K.*
2. *Number 1. D.B.*

Rumour suggests that Kate will be visiting Australia very soon. S.C.

HOGGIN' IT.

I'm a 'male chauvinist pig' and I would like to take this opportunity to reply Ms. Bradshaw in issue No. 92.

Oink oink grunt oink grunt slop, oink diddle oink oink grunt grunt.
Yours faithfully
Mr. A. Hog (Hornsby N.S.W.)
PS: In view of the language I've used I don't this letter to be printed.

Hope you filed your pig's trotters before you typed up this letter. D.B.

QUEEN BITCH

I would just like to say that Suzi Quatro is the spunkiest chick in the Rock Scene. Suzi Q makes The Runaways look like a pack of sucks. Oh yes, Suzi Q. Got her new single *The Race Is On.*
Suzi Quatro freaks,
Rose & Gail
from Melbourne

Where can you get a badge saying 'Gaye Advert makes The Runaways look like Suzi Quatro?' D.B.

LIGGING

Being as RAM is such an erudite and learned magazine, I thought that I might point out that, in English dialect, 'ligging' refers to the bed of a deer as used in hunting.
Kind regards
The Boojum

Thanks. You've given us a good reason to ditch the word from the magazine. D.B.
Whaddya think about nightclubbing? S.C.

ON LITTLE PATTI . . .

Wot ever happened to Patti Smith?

After hearing her *Horses* album and a few bootlegs I was wrapped (balls and all). So when I saw her new album in the local vinyl frisbee suppliers I eagerly parted with my hard earned (not to mention begged and stolen) cash and bought it. Mainly cos the store dick was hassling.

When I got it home and played it I almost spewed. She sounded like a cross between Sherbet and The Bee Gees.

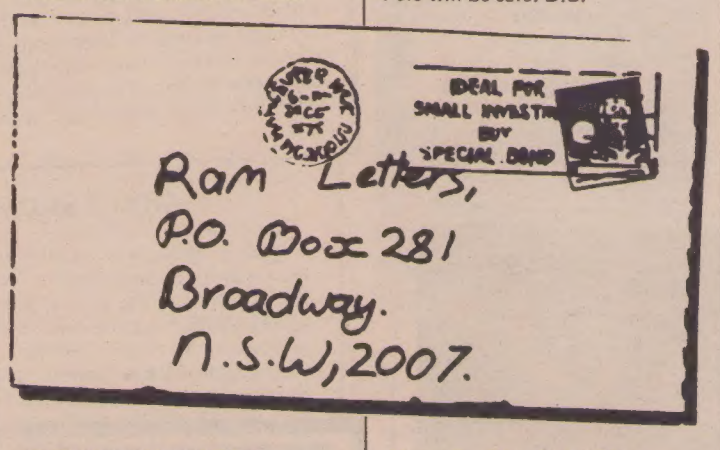
God, but I was disillusioned with my Heroine. I had regularly had sexual fantasies about Patti and when playing her records early in the morning often had multi-orgasms in my Weeties.

My heroine had gone Top Forty (yuk) and to make matters worse, that very same week appeared on . . . wait for it . . . COUNTDOWN.

This letter is tantamount to a suicide note. At the moment I'm standing on the toilet contemplating plunging (get it?) to my death.

P.S. You probably can't understanding my riting. Don't let it get to ya, neither can I.
Signed, Pissed off Patti Smith fan but still spaced out Jimi Hendrix fan,
Warrnambool, Victoria.

Patti has to make a living like everyone else. Sounds like hard times in Warrnambool . . . D.B.



DOWN WITH THE WHALERS

Suck shit Greenpeace people. What are you going to do now? With the whaling in Albany finishing soon (and a lot of men losing their jobs), youse have got nothing to whinge about.

But I know for sure you'll find something else. How about trying to get a law passed to stop people spitting in streets (there's a $10 fine in Hong Kong). Or maybe you could start a campaign called 'STOP DOGS FROM SCREWING IN PUBLIC". That might be a bit harder to fit on a badge than 'Save The Whale", but I'm sure you would make just as much money.

I bet you'll make heaps selling badges and car stickers with that motto. If anyone offered to sell me a badge with 'Stop Dogs Screwing' I promise I'd buy it. couldn't stand to see you fat bludgers having to get a regular job.
from—kill a whale but
stop dogs screwing

Here at RAM we have a favourite slogan: KEEP WHALES IN THE GROUND. S.C.

ANGELS

Went to see The Angels at Paddo Town Hall (Sydney). What a farout gig! At times it seemed like the whole place was going to cave in—what with the power of the songs and the bloody fantastic audience response! I don't think I've ever seen so many people packed into such a small amount of space.

By the end of the gig the majority of people looked like drowned rats and were out of it (I get high on de music, man). Hey lord, don't give me *no disco.*
Jenny, Gosford.

Well over 2,000 drowned rats went to this Angels gig in fact. And never so many were watching so few . . . D.B.

GUDAY OZ

Just dropping a line from Godzone to let you know that Godzone has been riddled by that fuckin' dreaded disease called Saturday Night Fever, which has infected 95% of the population. We are among the small group of survivors who haven't been afflicted with this cocksucking disease thanks to Status Quo, Ted Nugent, Graham Parker (to name a few), RAM magazine and Barry Jenkins of Radio Havraki.

Please help us in our plight to destroy every fuckin' Disco record in Godzone, destroy John Revolting posters and movies and convert the fevered fuckwits. A warning V. Maihi and A. Chan. Even our friends and parents are turning into fuckwit disco followers.

Keep RAM coming over here as our magazine *Popscore* has gone to the dogs and is compiled by a bunch of wankers who have turned the magazine into an R.S.O. records catalogue.

May the fleas of 1000 camels infect the Bee Gees' armpits. Also, how about having a look at N.Z.'s Citizen Band who are shit hot.
Chris & Jeannie
Aukland

The fever has reached plague proportions. Soon only the South Pole will be safe. D.B.

HEAD-ON CRASH

It's interesting to ponder whether New Wavers have any common ground with other musicians: (You know the old saying: 'Music is the universal language'.) *Test case:* An ad appears in Ram asking for an experienced bass player to join powerful rock and roll band.

I ring up. The guy on the phone probes me with the usual questions: Have you played rock and roll? What did you play in the last band? etc. I tell him I've been playing for around 12 years, and he is impressed enough to ask me along for an audition. He says the band used to be called The Psycho Surgeons, and I say: Wasn't that a New Wave band? He says: 'Oh, no, not really, that's just the label we were tagged with. The new band will be something different to the old, anyway.'

I'm impressed. Here's a guy like myself, I think. He's not into the *fashion* of playing music, he's into music for music's sake, whether it be New Wave or not. 'I've never played in a New Wave band' I tell him, 'But I'd sure as hell like to give it a go.' I believe in much of the New Wave thinking, you see. I guess I've had quite a bit of the crumb from the rich pop star's table too. I don't believe a 1,000 watt P.A. creates charisma. I don't believe that all clothes that glitter are gold. I can't even play properly in high heeled boots. I, too, want to see the older order shaken to its foundations. Fashion has never taken my fancy.

We arrange to meet at my place at 12 o'clock on Sunday, and I'm there on time, but no band. I wander off for a little while, leaving a note on the door: 'Be back in ten minutes, please wait.' I arrive back to see four or five (the incident is still hazy in my memory) stereotyped punks (no other word for it) sitting on the steps. 'Hello' I say. They take one look at my shoulder-length hair and beard and say: 'Hello . . . goodbye.' *and all get up and walk off.*

Fucking hell, I think to myself, that's the first audition I've failed for many years, and I didn't even get to play a note!
Observations of test case: Fashion still dictates music. The slate has not been wiped clean by New Wave. They have fallen into the same narrow-minded, self-centred world that The Old Wave created for itself Way Back In The Olde Days. Only then it was no gig if you *didn't* have flowing locks and glittering clothes (or pseudo-Indian regalia) and *couldn't* boast a long list of famous bands you'd previously played for.

So, if these people who won't admit to the title New Wave—who will blame the media for creating the image, and not themselves—don't want to play with people who have long hair and a beard, they'll have to resort to the cliche Sydney Morning Herald ad of the sixties: 'Wanted, young man for position with reputable firm. Must have short back and sides, or something similar, because the ad they've placed in RAM will attract people like myself.

And to think, we're all supposed to be a part of The Human Race.
Love
Peter
Your trouser cuffs are dirty.
Your sandals look all wrong.
You better take off your hairdo
Cos you've been around too long.
D.B.

DRAGON v's SHERBS

Im writing this letter concerning Marc hunter and the interview he gave that was in the September 8 addition of ram.

Well they sound very depressed them selfs.

I don't no why.

There the only band around as far as were concerned people see other band as Just things that sing or play an instiment not so with Marc, todd, paul, bob, and Kerri. There people and thats what we see them as. Indervidiuals that are all fantastic and great in there own way.

But they have never really got anywhere, and I want to know why not? probably because people these days are to worried about themself, to Just Sit down a get to know a person.

So Marc take this piece of advise from me. don't worry. If you try your hardest and came up with something really outstanding you only get kicked in the teeth, So what the hell.

And as far as those Sherbet fans are concerned they can go and bitch eles where, or as you would say Marc, to fuck with them all.

Sherbet are nothing more than, boring, ugly, dragged out slob's with nothing better to do than bore us to tears with that song, Howzat make us go mentaly insain with that Magazine Madona trash. And if thats not enough there killing us to death with that revolting thing they call, "enougher night on the road".

I tell you what came up to Queensland and we'll make you priminister. You can take over from that other bore Jon I think it is. Probably another Sherbet fan.

Get over to America and give them all you got. Maybe they'll apperesiate great music and nice people over there, and Marc lots of luck with King of pop your a natural, his majesty and we want you to now were on your side.

J-p-y, litter river band, Skyhooks, and those ratbags called Sherbet, there the ones that should be fighting negativity not Dragon.

So take care and keep dishing us up that fantastic music, we all love you and allways will,
Love the
dragon hunters

Marc Hunter for Prime Minister? Would he ban Sherbet concerts in Australia? S.C.

A POEM FOR EWES

Oh RAM, your magazine this year
Cannot be beat for dumbness.
Because of you our senses reel,
Our minds are filled with numbness.
But still it's sort of nice to know
That readers across the nation
Can all enjoy your mag with just
A pre-school education.
Jerkin' Crocus

Are we not scribblers? Answer: we are AVERAGE PUNTERS. Your writing shows a distinctive yet youthful mind. How would you like a job? RAM never pretended to be anything **but** *a Magazine For Sheep . . . D.B.*

OZ SINGLES

This Last Week		
1	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT — John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John
2	(2)	GREASE — Frankie Valli
3	(3)	WARM RIDE — Graham Bonnet
4	(4)	RIVERS OF BABYLON — Boney M
5	(5)	MACHO MAN — Village People
6	(6)	DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN — Flash & The Pan
7	(8)	OH, CAROL — Smokie
8	(15)	•ARE YOU OLD ENOUGH — Dragon
9	(12)	COPACABANA (AT THE COPA) — Barry Manilow
10	(11)	ANOTHER NIGHT ON THE ROAD — Sherbet
11	(16)	•CAN WE STILL BE FRIENDS — Todd Rundgren
12	(13)	BLACK IS BLACK — La Belle Epoque
13	(7)	I NEED A LOVER — Johnny Cougar
14	(9)	WORDS ARE NOT ENOUGH — Jon English
15	(24)	•HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU — Olivia Newton-John
16	(10)	MISS YOU — The Rolling Stones
17	(19)	DANCING IN THE CITY — Marshall, Hain
18	(18)	FOLLOW YOU FOLLOW ME — Genesis
19	(17)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD — Meat Loaf
20	(20)	(YOU'RE SUCH A) FABULOUS DANCER — Wha-Koo
21	(14)	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE — Suzi Quatro
22	(22)	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES — Kate Bush
23	(27)	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN — Sheila B. Devotion
24	(25)	STILL THE SAME — Bob Seger
25	(23)	JUST ONE MORE NIGHT — Yellow Dog
26	(26)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT — Patti Smith Group
27	(36)	•HOT BLOODED — Foreigner
28	(21)	SHADOW DANCING — Andy Gibb
29	(—)	•5.7.0.5. — City Boy
30	(29)	EVERY 1'S A WINNER — Hot Chocolate
31	(35)	EASY — The Oak Ridge Boys
32	(34)	JOLENE — Olivia Newton-John
33	(30)	BABY HOLD ON — Eddie Money
34	(37)	HEY LORD DON'T ASK ME QUESTIONS — Graham Parker and The Rumour
35	(31)	WEREWOLVES OF LONDON — Warren Zevon
36	(28)	BAKER STREET — Gerry Rafferty
37	(33)	IS THIS LOVE — Bob Marley and the Wailers
38	(—)	LET'S ALL CHANT — Michael Zager Band
39	(32)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE — Johnny Mathis and Deniece Williams
40	(—)	AIRPORT — The Motors

OZ ALBUMS

This Last Week		
1	(1)	GREASE — Motion Picture Soundtrack
2	(3)	WAR OF THE WORLDS — Jeff Wayne/Various Artists
3	(2)	BAT OUT OF HELL — Meat Loaf
4	(4)	SOME GIRLS — The Rolling Stones
5	(5)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Soundtrack
6	(6)	CITY TO CITY — Gerry Rafferty
7	(8)	STREET LEGAL — Bob Dylan
8	(7)	NIGHTFLIGHT TO VENUS — Boney M
9	(9)	NO BAD HABITS — Graham Bonnet
10	(20)	•SHERBET — Sherbet
11	(10)	MACHO MAN — Village People
12	(13)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE — Genesis
13	(18)	•LEO SAYER — Leo Sayer
14	(11)	KAYA — Bob Marley and The Wailers
15	(12)	STRANGER IN TOWN — Bob Seger
16	(15)	SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND — Soundtrack
17	(14)	THE KICK INSIDE — Kate Bush
18	(22)	HERMIT OF MINK HOLLOW — Todd Rundgren
19	(25)	•DAVID GILMOUR — David Gilmour
20	(16)	PYRAMID — The Alan Parsons Project
21	(21)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY — Soundtrack
22	(24)	LIVE AND DANGEROUS — Thin Lizzy
23	(26)	FACE TO FACE — The Angels
24	(17)	DOUBLE VISION — Foreigner
25	(19)	EASTER — Patti Smith Group
26	(27)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN — Bruce Springsteen
27	(28)	COLD FACT — Rodriguez
28	(30)	OCTAVE — The Moody Blues
29	(29)	LOVE ME AGAIN — Rita Coolidge
30	(23)	A BIOGRAPHY — Johnny Cougar
31	(34)	THE STRANGER — Billy Joel
32	(32)	DOUBLE PLATINUM — Kiss
33	(31)	THE PARKERILLA — Graham Parker & The Rumour
34	(35)	EVEN NOW — Barry Manilow
35	(—)	•SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND — Beatles
36	(—)	SIMPLE DREAMS — Linda Ronstadt
37	(36)	SHADOW DANCING — Andy Gibb
38	(37)	EXCITABLE BOY — Warren Zevon
39	(—)	THE LAST WALTZ — The Band & Various Artists
40	(39)	EVERY I'S A WINNER — Hot Chocolate

U.K. SINGLES

This Last Week		
1	(1)	THREE TIMES A LADY — Commodores
2	(3)	DREADLOCK HOLIDAY — 10cc
3	(2)	IT'S RAINING — Darts
4	(4)	BROWN GIRL IN A RING/ RIVERS OF BABYLON — Boney M
5	(6)	OH WHAT A CIRCUS — David Essex
6	(7)	JILTED JOHN — Jilted John
7	(9)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT — John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John
8	(5)	SUPERNATURE — Cerrone
9	(20)	•BRITISH HUSTLE — Hi Tension
10	(26)	•PICTURE THIS — Blondie
11	(16)	•IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE — Child
12	(8)	FOREVER AUTUMN — Justin Hayward
13	(19)	•AN EVERLASTING LOVE — Andy Gibb
14	(24)	•HONG KONG GARDEN — Siouxsie and the Banshees
15	(10)	BABY STOP CRYING — Bob Dylan
16	(17)	SUBSTITUTE — Clout
17	(12)	•BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE — A Taste of Honey
18	(—)	•KISS YOU ALL OVER — Exile
19	(—)	•GREASE — Frankie Valli
20	(—)	•AGAIN AND AGAIN — Status Quo
21	(22)	I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU — Herbie Hancock
22	(13)	5-7-0-5- — City Boy
23	(11)	NORTHERN LIGHTS — Renaissance
24	(14)	WHO ARE YOU — Who
25	(25)	GALAXY Of LOVE — Crown Heights Affair
26	(15)	IF THE KIDS ARE UNITED — Sham 69
27	(28)	FORGET ABOUT YOU — Motors
28	(18)	TOP OF THE POPS — Rezillos
29	(20)	DAVID WATTS/A BOMB IN WARDOUR STREET — Jam
30	(—)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL(MIGHTY REAL) — Sylvester

U.K. ALBUMS

This Last Week		
1	(2)	NIGHTFLIGHT TO VENUS — Boney M
2	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Bee Gees and Various Artists
3	(3)	GREASE — Soundtrack
4	(4)	WAR OF THE WORLDS — Various Artists
5	(5)	CLASSIC ROCK — London Symphony Orchestra
6	(10)	STAR PARTY — Various Artists
7	(13)	•IMAGES — Don Williams
8	(7)	NATURAL HIGH — Commodores
9	(6)	STREET-LEGAL — Bob Dylan
10	(18)	•WHO ARE YOU — Who
11	(11)	20 GIANT HITS — Nolan Sisters
12	(9)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Hollies
13	(14)	LIVE AND DANGEROUS — Thin Lizzy
14	(8)	SOME GIRLS — Rolling Stones
15	(12)	OUT OF THE BLUE — Electric Light Orchestra
16	(19)	CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS — Rezillos
17	(—)	•SONGS FOR ANNIE — James Galway
18	(16)	OCTAVE — Moody Blues
19	(20)	BAT OUT OF HELL — Meat Loaf
20	(—)	•WHO PAYS THE FERRYMAN — Yannis Markopoulos
21	(23)	DOUBLE VISION — Foreigner
22	(—)	•B FOR BROTHERHOOD — Brotherhood of Man
23	(17)	HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION — Steel Pulse
24	(15)	THE KICK INSIDE — Kate Bush
25	(27)	A TONIC FOR THE TROOPS — Boomtown Rats
26	(29)	ELVIS TV SPECIAL — Elvis Presley
27	(—)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac
28	(20)	NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES — Ian Dury
29	(27)	BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS — Joe Walsh
30	(26)	FM — Soundtrack
	(—)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE — Genesis

U.S. SINGLES

This Last Week		
1	(2)	GREASE — Frankie Valli
2	(3)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE — A Taste of Honey
3	(1)	THREE TIMES A LADY — Commodores
4	(5)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU — Olivia Newton-John
5	(6)	AN EVERLASTING LOVE — Andy Gibb
6	(4)	HOT BLOODED — Foreigner
7	(11)	KISS YOU ALL OVER — Exile
8	(8)	SHAME — Evelyn "Champagne" King
9	(13)	•SUMMER NIGHTS — John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John
10	(12)	FOOL (IF YOU THINK IT'S OVER) — Chris Rea
11	(15)	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE — Earth Wind and Fire
12	(14)	DON'T LOOK BACK — Boston
13	(7)	MISS YOU — Rolling Stones
14	(16)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY — Nick Gilder
15	(9)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY — Pablo Cruise
16	(19)	REMINISCING — Little River Band
17	(10)	MAGNET AND STEEL — Walter Egan
18	(22)	YOU NEEDED ME — Anne Murray
19	(21)	CLOSE THE DOOR — Teddy Pendergrass
20	(20)	TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE — Eddie Money
21	(23)	YOU AND I — Rick James
22	(24)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU 'FRIEND' — Kenny Loggins
23	(26)	HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS — Bob Seger
24	(17)	YOU — Rita Coolidge
25	(27)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR — John Paul Young
26	(30)	RIGHT DOWN THE LINE — Gerry Rafferty
27	(28)	JUST WHAT I NEEDED — Cars
28	(—)	BACK IN THE USA — Linda Ronstadt
29	(18)	MY ANGEL BABY — Tony Beau
30	(29)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD — Joe Walsh

U.S. ALBUMS

This Last Week		
1	(1)	GREASE — Various Artists
2	(2)	SOME GIRLS — Rolling Stones
3	(3)	DOUBLE VISION — Foreigner
4	(4)	SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND — Various Artists
5	(7)	DON'T LOOK BACK — Boston
6	(5)	NATURAL HIGH — Commodores
7	(6)	WORLDS AWAY — Pablo Cruise
8	(9)	SHADOW DANCING — Andy Gibb
9	(8)	STRANGER IN TOWN — Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band
10	(11)	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING — Teddy Pendergrass
11	(10)	BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS — Joe Walsh
12	(16)	BLAM — Brothers Johnson
13	(15)	A TASTE OF HONEY
14	(14)	THE STRANGER — Billy Joel
15	(12)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Bee Gees and Various Artists
16	(19)	NIGHTWATCH — Kenny Loggins
17	(13)	CITY TO CITY — Gerry Rafferty
18	(17)	TOGETHER — L.T.D.
19	(18)	COME GET IT — Rick James
20	(—)	•WHO ARE YOU — Who
21	(23)	UNDER WRAPS — Shaun Cassidy
22	(20)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN — Bruce Springsteen
23	(21)	PYRAMID — Alan Parsons Project
24	(22)	OCTAVE — Moody Blues
25	(27)	SMOOTH TALK — Evelyn "Champagne" King
26	(29)	THE CARS
27	(28)	LOVE ME AGAIN — Rita Coolidge
28	(25)	EVEN NOW — Barry Manilow
29	(26)	BAT OUT OF HELL — Meat Loaf
30	(24)	STREET-LEGAL — Bob Dylan

Chartz

•Denotes bullet performer

Charts courtesy Kent Music

ETTA JAMES
OUT FROM UNDER THE STONES

"Thanksgiving Day in November will be my silver anniversary: 25 years since I cut my first record and I haven't become a superstar yet.

"It took Janis Joplin two years."

A statement of fact. No bitterness in the voice, just a shadow of sadness exposed along with the naked truth; a fleeting glimpse of dues paid and years lost.

Upon request, and if she's of a mind to, she can unpack a whole head load of memories of innocence and ignorance and exploitation and drug-addiction, but once those private mental albums have been well thumbed up by the insensitive interviewer, back they go in the file marked "education" and up bobs Etta's survival factor.

Like remembering the men who manipulated a lot of her life as "some of the greatest teachers that a person could have. If you went through them, boy, you knew how it was supposed to go. That's not saying that you won't get screwed again but at least you won't get screwed *that* way.

"Everybody's got their little come-on. The day that I signed with Chess Records, part of their come-on to me was a cheque laying on the desk that was made out to Chuck Berry and Alan Freed for $167,000. And I looked and Leonard Chess said, 'See, this is the kind of money our artists make.' I said gosh!

"After that, after I had the hit with *All I could Do Was Cry*, when Leonard handed me my very first envelope that said "royalties", I opened it up and there was no cheque in there, just a little piece of paper saying, 'You're $14,000 in the red.' *'But,'* he told me, 'don't worry about that. You need some money? We'll let you have two thousand.' That was always the way it was. You'd get a Cadillac or a fur stole or a ring, something like that. That was your royalties.

"But bitter? No. After all, what did I know? I didn't have any lawyer or a good manager or nothing, so what the heck? Long as I was riding in a big Cadillac and dressed nice and had plenty of food, that's all I cared about."

Etta James is a remarkable lady. Born in 1938 and raised on the west coast of America, in 1954, while still a delinquent bobby-soxer, she was hustled into a private audition for Johny Otis by an older, groupie friend; taken straight into a studio to record the girls' whimsical composition *Roll With Me Henry* and, having lied about her age, boarded the Otis touring revue on the princely wage of $10 per night.

The record shot up the R&B charts, was promptly banned from All-American airwaves for being too sexually upfront, and was coyly adapted as "Dance With Me Henry" by Georgia Gibbs, who reputedly sold four million copies.

For 17 years Etta enjoyed/suffered — delete where applicable — an erratic career with the ever-ailing Chess Corp., recording a small string of hits which were arranged to appeal to the early-'60s supper club audience; a more typical selection of hardcore rhythm'n'blues tunes ("I Just Want To Make Love To You", "Something's Got A Hold On Me") and, best remembered of all, many superb soul sides, to '70s stunners like *Leave Your Hat On, All The Way Down* and *Come A Little Closer.*

Although consistently lauded by folk within the biz as one of the great black female singers, Etta is only just now emerging into the extreme sidelights of the great white wunnerful rock arena via a contract with Warner Brothers and her appearances on the current Rolling Stones tour of America.

"The Stones are great," she says, slightly wistfully. "They are doing black music and they've got it. They got the direction and they know what the hell to do. They know how to pump plenty of sound, they know how to get real intense and get people so crazy that they don't know what the heck's happening to them. And that's the way you gotta do it.

"I find myself going crazy about the Stones just like the kids are in the audience. Keith, he just stumbles over his own feet, blam, he falls down, he just lays there, blungablunga, he's still there just like it's part of the act. They kick each other and thump each other in the back of the head. Mick, if he forgets the damn words he just burbles and they go nuts. He forgets what part of the song he's singing but who cares, y'know? Long as he's there to holler something people just bump their heads on the wall, it's great.

Etta: "The Stones are millionaires and I'm still nowhere after all these years."

"But, you know, Mick told me: 'I met you 15 years ago at a little club in Los Angeles. You were wearing a blonde wig and you had on a green dress and it had feathers . . .', he named everything. He was *right.* And a lot of the stuff that I see him do on stage is stuff that I used to do. I mean when I was really jumping around an' leaping an' looking all crazy.

"I was originally like a punker, know what I mean, like the punks are today, I'd spit in a minute. And I notice Mick does that same facial expression that I see, so then I sit in the dressing room and I think it's really weird how these guys have gotten over.

"The first night I worked with them I almost cried in my dressing room. I thought, God, here are these guys, they're famous millionaires from doing this here and I'm still *nowhere* after all these years. *What is happening here?*

"Then I think, I don't know, I wanna make money but I don't probably never wanna be cool about it, you know what I mean? I would never be cool about it. I would never give a shit whether I worked Las Vegas or Lake Tahoe or not. I'm not a bourgeois person, never will be."

"See, I don't like places where people can't dance — don't like clubs or theatres where a bunch of bourgeois people sit around tip, tip, tipping their fingers."

Through an uncustomary tactical error on the part of producer Jerry Wexler, Etta's first Warners album, "Deep In The Night", seems to be primarily aimed at the very audience she could live without.

"I think we could have made it stronger," Etta concedes. "It's a nice album, I'm not disappointed with it, but I think we went too far too soon. It was Jerry's idea to help me get over to a wider audience and to that extent it partly succeeded, but it's not really me, know what I mean?

"I think for the next album we'll go back to being a little more soulful.

"Y'know, the kind of bag that I think I've kinda made up my mind to shoot for, the slot that I think I *should* have taken, is the female Otis Redding slot.

"That's the direction I wanna go in now 'cause there's no other chick got the balls to do it.

"I'm talking about singing and laying it down for 'em, y'know, making people go crazy an' burning' their ears up. That's the deal. That's really the direction I wanna go in."

Cliff White

PROFITING FROM A 'SICK BUSINESS'

Mike Chapman is one of Australia's forgotten rock 'n' roll successes. Unrecognised even. Chapman left Australia years ago and has since distinguished himself as part of a songwriting team with Nicky Chinn. These two were prolific writers of concise, memorable, bubblegummy pop songs highlighted primarily by their crassness and success on top 40 charts. Their main work was for Sweet, Smokie and Suzie Quatro, for whom they wrote a string of hits. Remember *Devil Gate Drive, Daytona Demon, Can The Can, 48 Crash, Ballroom Blitz,* and even Suzie's latest *If You Can't Give Me Love?*

Chapman recently graced Australia with a fleeting visit. He looks very much the trendy young mod, suited, shiny pointy-toed leather shoes, and vaguely receding reddish hair. He combines a sharp wit with an air of confidence and an obvious capacity for handling a jet setting, high pressure existence.

This year he's been constantly travelling between Europe, where he's producing Smokie's new album, and America, working with Exile, Rick Derringer, and Suzie Quatro. He found time to mix David Johansen's solo album but asked for it to be turned off (it was playing in the RAM office) because it made him feel nervous"!!

Of all Chapman's recent activities, producing the new Blondie album has been the most satisfying. It was the first time he'd worked with a band he was a "fan" of. His first contact was seeing them in concert where "I laughed myself stupid all night". The offer to produce them came after the band became disatisfied with

Chapman: "When I saw Blondie, I laughed myself stupid all night."

Richard Gotterher, producer of their first two albums. The album is "very commercial", even featuring a Donna Summer take off cum tribute ("Debbie's a great fan of Donna") titled *Heart of Glass* which has an authentic German machine/disco feel — "real goose step music".

The music business today? Chapman thinks it important to accept that "we're in a sick business so accept it and make the most of it". He feels the business needs new "fascination" — something that Robert Stigwood has partly achieved with his disco orientated opuses. With that exception, he considers the music business "basically boring" and punk rock and New Wave "shallow and loose".: "The Sex Pistols took and kept on taking from the music business and the audience without giving anything back". Chapman expresses most admiration for Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello and Blondie whom he describes as 'M.O.R. acts' *(middle of the road* for those unfamiliar with hip journalist reductionism), a definition that derives from what he sees as their desire to be popular and reach a large, varied audience.

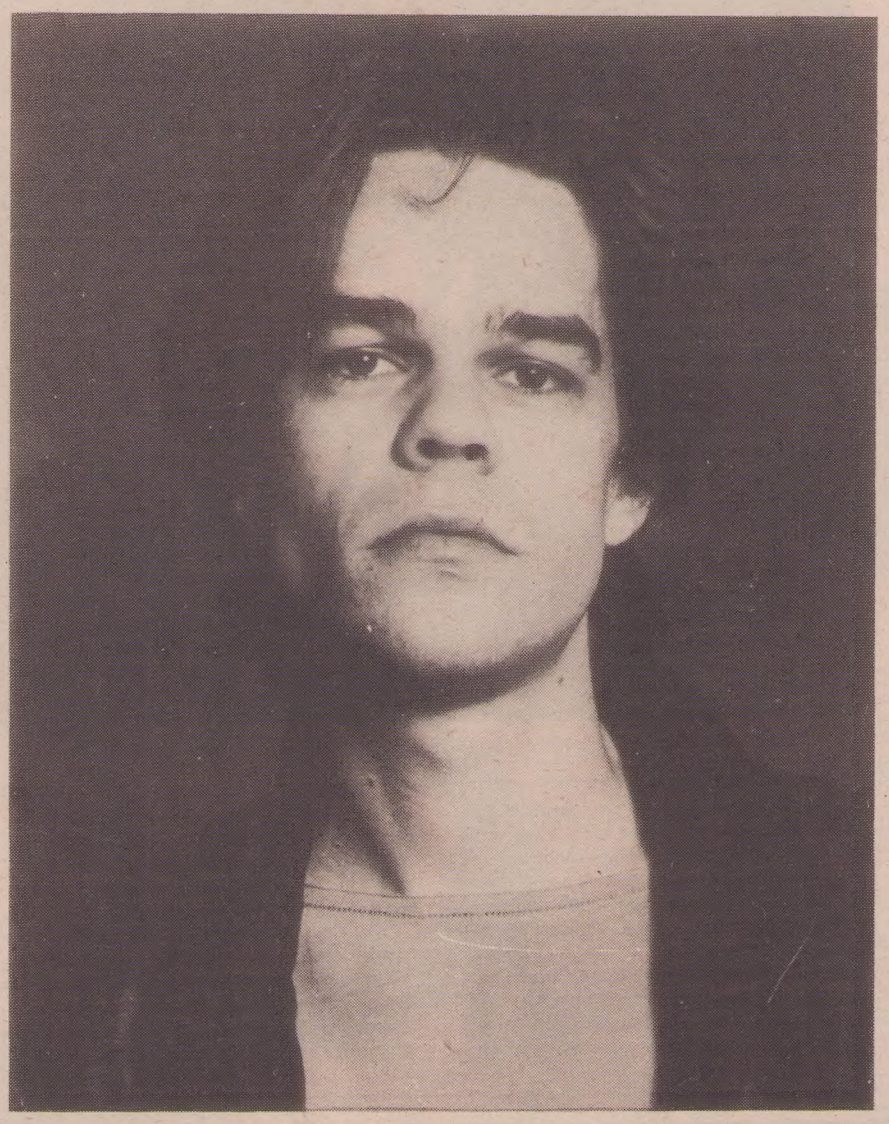
What about the folks in Australia? Well Vanda and Young are his all time heroes; "I,ve never disliked anything they've done and I've been a fan of theirs since the days of the Easybeats". He admires Little River Band, and was asked to produce Sherbet's last album. Deciding it would give him little pleasure and being overworked he declined. Besides, he didn't think they needed him and could do alright on their own.

A parting word is watch out for the Heaters whom Chapman saw supporting Nick Gilder a few months back, and advice to Johnny Rotten: "He should go into movies".

Stuart Coupe.

A DOLL COMES TO LIFE

In a lonely union hall
He's waiting for some work to call
They're waiting for his price to fall
They've got his ass against the wall
He's giving them his all in all
They're expecting him to crawl
In a lonely union hall
In a lonely tenement.



When David Johansen was living those lines he was still the frontman for the New York Dolls who had been the ephemeral darlings of the New York street rock cognoscenti until they were thrown from grace as being too wasted to worry about.

The Dolls always sounded like they had snatched their riffs from the Crawdaddy Club and looked like their wardrobe had been pilfered from an opportunity shop for homeless transvestites. Their music was deliberate minimalism; they were rough, loud, and so untogether that they were positively dangerous. The sad thing is that in 1973 not too many people knew what to do with them and the title of their second and final album, *Too Much Too Soon* was to become a disturbing, self-fulfilled prophecy. Despite valiant efforts by Johansen to maintain the band, the Dolls finally exploded into obscurity to be superseded by people like Patti Smith who were more coherently outrageous and a simpler marketing proposition.

After several abortive attempts at resurrecting the Dolls (an interesting collaborator at the time was Malcolm McClaren who managed the band for six months in 1975, learnt his lessons, and finally orchestrated the formation of the Sex Pistols) Johansen disappeared for awhile to unravel the fuckups and come to terms with the painful dissolution of the two most important things in his life — his marriage and his band.

After a brief incandescent moment of glory he was suddenly on the bottom again and forced to re-evaluate the artistic process and the industry that facilitates it.

Now, almost two years later, David Johansen has abandoned the histrionic costumery and affectations of the poseur and returned with an album that not only legitimizes and consummates every rock 'n' roll promise the New York Dolls ever made, but also delivers a moving testament to one man's ability to survive in the modern world. (The album is on C.B.S.).

It is an album of anguish and triumph; of alienation and transcendance, and somewhere in its heart it captures the elusive quintessence of rock 'n' roll. The music is angry, passionate, and delivered with the sort of conviction that leaves a small hole in the front of your head while it blows the back of your skull away.

Johansen's singing is raw, volatile, and crackling with an emotion that will either make you stick your head out the window and scream the lyrics to *Cool Metro,* or break down and cry.

The production is a swirling wave of sound that serves to emphasize the tension already inherent in the songs, and Johansen's voice is mixed so far down that he really has to strain to compete with the awesome firepower of the band. The lyrics leap forth in fragments, full of passion and subtle humour, and then retreat beneath the music leaving a solitary word of phrase riveted inside your head as the slashing guitars of Johnny Rao and Thomas Trask burn their way across a pumping rhythm section, challenged only by subtle keyboard and horn work that is submerged almost as quickly as it appears.

There are times when Rao's guitar style quotes Keith Richard with such graceful vengeance that you'd almost swear he was standing there, and it's no accident because songs like *Cool Metro* and *Girls* generate such a rush of excitement that they inevitably resurrect memories of the early Stones with their capricious power and strutting arrogance.

Girls is almost an adolescent male anthem for the mysterious women of the world but the emptiness and naive uncertainty of its sexual bravado is exposed when Johansen screams, "I don't wanna fuck alone".

Despite the song's essential humour, there is something haunted in the way Johansen's rough, violent vocals are punctuated with the sugar sweet innocence of early sixties pop harmonies. When he sings the line, "We'll build a brand new world, yeah, yeah, yeah," there are echoes of the brutal cynicism manifest in the same refrain in *I'm A Lover,* a song which explores the desperate hypocrisy of modern love.

Both *Donna* and *Lonely Tenement* fuse the details of a shattered personal relationship and the demise of the Dolls in such a way that it becomes difficult to determine which level of meaning is applicable at any given time. Not that it matters because the songs are so powerful that if they connect in any way you'll probably find yourself crucified on the end of a cigarette.

Both songs feature the crying gypsy violin of Scarlet Rivera and its plaintive tone adds a quiet dignity to the breathless vulnerability of Johansen's voice. You realize that you're listening to a real rock 'n' roll love song from a man who finds it hard to seperate his feelings for his wife and his band because the love for each was total.

There was always a strong suggestion of crazed magic surrounding the New York Dolls; their music and their insouciance was contagious and something that isn't easily found a second time.

"There's other girls around here
But you know their not the same
They put up a rocking noise
But they just don't play the game . . . "

Once again the arrangement employs 60's pop harmonies and their evocation of lost innocence becomes positively chilling behind lines like, "You don't make the promises/You don't seal nothin' in blood."

Ultimately it is an acknowledgement of maturity, and the pain such an acquisition involves, but it is in *Frenchette,* the albums final masterpiece, that such a realization assumes its total proportion.

Frenchette is an elegy for lost youth and broken dreams, but despite its tragedy it embodies a courageous acceptance of apparent damnation and manifests a total faith that the music will transcend the illusion and emotional fraudulence that surrounds him.

"You come on like it's all natural darlin'
But you know it's really only naturalette
It's just like all of your leathers darlin'
They don't scare me
I know it's really only leatherette."

In the final analysis, David Johansen emerges as a man whose life is inextricably linked with, and dependant on, rock 'n' roll and it's funny because with music that really makes you care the imperative is always the same.

"There were times when his work came easily
When he could stand up and feel free
He even dreamed of raising a family
Something that now will never be —
Let's Rock."

John Magowan

ROCK MOVIES ROLL ON ENDLESSLY

Now that a number of major music movies have demonstrated the huge megabuck potential of combining the two mediums it seems that everyone and his uncle are trying to get in on the act.

Just take a look at some of the projects currently being discussed:

- Director Hal Ashby is trying to get Mick Jagger for the title role in a screen adaptation of Robert Heinlein's *Stranger In A Strange Land,* a role Bowie was interested in some years back.
- Bruce Springsteen, Olivia Newton-John and John Lennon is the line-up William A. Levy would like for his movie *Street Messiah,* to be filmed on location in London.
- *Jet Lag,* the Elton/Rod collaboration, is progressing and may co-star Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon.
- Phil Walden, Capricorn Records boss, is readying *The Otis Redding Story,* reconstructing his friendship with the man during the Civil Rights era in the South.
- Alice Cooper and Wolfman Jack are discussing plans for a modern-day horror musical.

Music movie boom pioneers Robert Stigwood and Alan Carr also have a number of new projects in the works, although their partnership looks in danger of dissolving. Stigwood plans a sequel to *Saturday Night Fever* (with or without Travolta), a sequel to *Grease* (currently titled *Summer School*), a movie of *Evita,* (he has had Messrs Rice & Lloyd-Webber under contract ever since they began minting 'rock' operas), and a projected biopic of the late President Kennedy.

Stigwood has offered John John Kennedy half a million bucks to play his father as a young man.

Carr, meanwhile, has signed a feature film deal with three major studios – MGM, Universal and Columbia – for one major movie each. For MGM he will do a contemporary musical "in the style of the old MGM musicals" called *Riviera* which was written with Olivia Newton-John, Keith Carradine, Mikhail Baryshnikov and Marcello Mastroianni in mind.

Although many major studios are currently in a holding pattern due to the limited success of *FM* and *American Hot Wax,* the Stigwood/Carr alliance is forging ahead, establishing new rules as they go.

One of these is that the album of a music movie can gross more than the film. In the case of *Saturday Night Fever* the album has already sold 22 million units worldwide, topping the *combined* sales of Carole King, Peter Frampton and Fleetwood Mac, the next three best-selling albums of all time; it has grossed 285 million dollars compared to the movie's take of 110 million dollars.

The same is true of *Grease,* whose huge success has led to the entertainment conglomerates turning their attention to the stage musical in a big way.

After all, the original Broadway producers of *Grease* became instant millionaires on the sale of the screen rights, and have since earned another sizeable fortune through their 12 per cent share of the movie's gross.

With the *Dracula* boom, the success in the U.S. of *The Rocky Horror Show* and with movies of *Evita* and *Elvis* to come, expect a lot more action in this area.

Meantime, *Sergeant Pepper* may have been slammed by the critics but the album has already shipped triple platinum; and the movie highlights another important trend – the growing importance of merchandising.

Variety magazine reports: "Merchandising representatives are now reading advance film treatments to suggest script inserts of ideas to help sell film-related items."

Eddie Justing of Ancillary Enterprises, the firm merchandising *Pepper,* says:

"They came up with the logo that I needed, and because of that we are licensing Sgt. Pepper jeans, shirts, belts and shoes. Everything in 'Pepper' is identified with logos. It is the most perfect movie for merchandising I've ever seen."

Following the success of *The Stud,* The album of which sold 250,000 copies in two months, Brent Walker are moving in the same direction. They have now hired Dick Rowe, former A & R boss at Decca, as consultant on their record and music activities.

Rowe is currently working on an album of space disco music to tie-in with *Foes,* a cheap-budget alien encounter movie Brent Walker have acquired for distribution in the UK. They too are now studying film scripts on the basis of their music merchandising potential.

What about art, I hear you say. That just doesn't come into it.

Dick Tracy

FAMOUS FOR THE WRONG REASONS

Being well known isn't necessarily an advantage. The new Sydney band Heavy Division features some well established rock musicians — people like Leo de Castro, Tim Partridge and Russel Smith. But their fame in musical circles is matched by an unfortunate reputation among promoters of, shall we say, casualness, or more simply, just-not-turning-up.

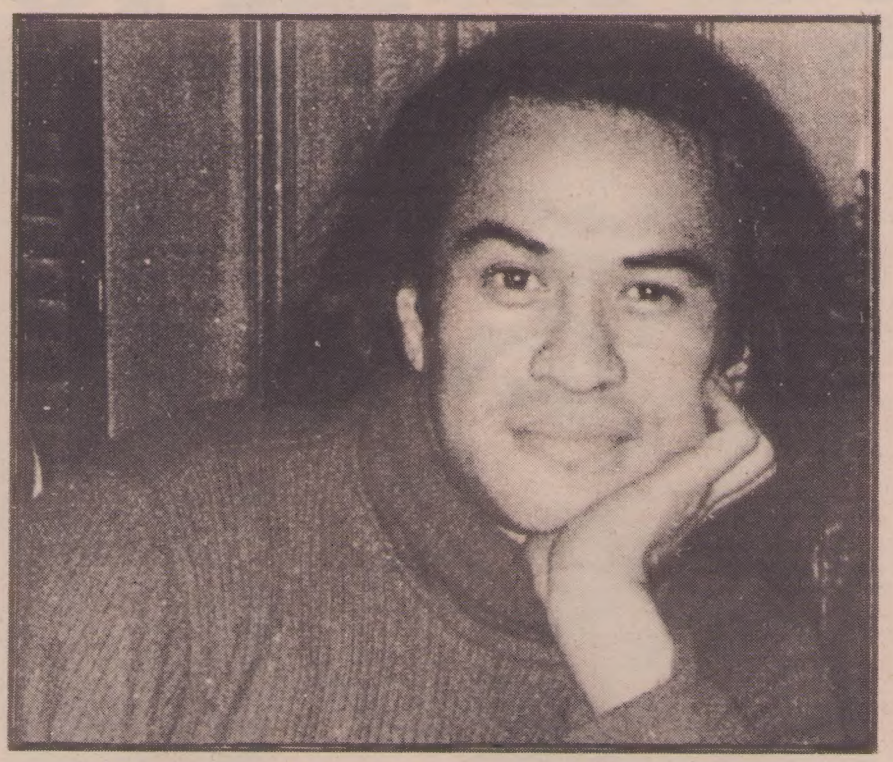
Defeating that reputation is Heavy Division's first big task. As Tim Partridge puts it: "When Manny (the band's manager) tries to book the band, he gets a lot of feedback that they don't believe we'll show up. It's just not so. We always show up.

"Leo has a reputation and we as a unit have a reputation of being reasonably slack. I'd like to say that in the five years that I've been playing with Leo in three bands, he's never not come to a gig, he's never fallen over at a gig and he's always delivered. His presentation is a lot better. There is a large mental block in people's brains about Leo which is completely unfounded on fact. As far as I know he's never let anybody down".

So there.

As far as musical credentials are concerned, Heavy Division have no public relations problems. Leo De Castro (vocals) is known from Healing Force, Friends, Johnny Rocco and Cahoots. Russel Smith (lead guitar, vocals) comes from Company Caine, Mighty Kong and Billy T. and Tim Partridge (bass) is practically a walking history of Australian rock (Co. Caine, Jeff St. John, Wendy Saddington, Doug Parkinson, Barry Leef, Kevin Borich Express and Renee Geyer, for example).

These three got together in April, and in May were joined by 17 year old John Watson, drummer extraordinaire from Townsville, and Tui Richards (rhythm/lead guitar) who had worked with Leo in the Johnny Rocco band and Cahoots.



Leo de Castro: "He's never fallen over at a gig and he's always delivered."

Musically, the band is very versatile, not restricting itself to any one form of music, but covering almost the whole spectrum. Rock, soul, funk, reggae to soft ballads. At the moment they are doing about a half a dozen original numbers, mostly written by Russel.

"We would like to have more time to get into more original stuff — it's hard working six nights a week", says Russel. "I like the music we're doing. I hope we can continue. Most bands I've been in tend to channel off into one direction after a period of time. I hope we don't do that. All the directions are open. I'd like to see the band get into recording."

Originally the band was formed fifty per cent for recording, fifty per cent for performing. So far its been one hundred per cent performing, but now that they are established in Sydney, recording has become a priority and there are several major companies interested in handling them. Negotiations are still underway.

There will probably be a single out just prior to Christmas and this should also pave the way for inter-state tours.

I asked Russel and Tim how they felt about more or less going back to square one after having played with Billy T. and Kevin Borich Express, which had good overseas prospects.

Russel — "Personally I've gone through so many changes in the last few years with Billy T. becoming a singer and doing other things. I'm still digging it as much as when I started out and thats to me the main thing. When I lose that buzz I'm fucked. I'm digging it, I'm getting back to playing guitar. I neglected it a real lot."

Tim — "Kevin Borich was really for me a thing out of the normal from what I've been doing for the last four years. It was unusual. Most of the things I've been doing have been just like this and a lot of it with Leo and Tui too, except for when I was with Renee, that was a different thing. Before that I was in Company Caine with Russel in '71 — '72 in Melbourne. We were doing roughtly this — original material — small scale. Roughly more of the same. We've improved our position a little bit. We hope to record and business-wise we're set up a little bit better."

The most refreshing thing is the respect these guys all have for each other. It's like a happy family.

Tim — "We're all friends who haven't changed our relationship at all. Apart from Watto you could go back five years. We've all been close friends in and out of the same bands. We're happy playing together. Obviously happy being a very important word."

Annie Thompson.

COLLISION

RIGHT ON TARGET WITH A FUNKY, SOULFUL ALBUM

THE ENERGY AND EXCITEMENT OF THEIR LIVE PERFORMANCES ARE BEAUTIFULLY REFLECTED ON THEIR DEBUT ALBUM.

36625 "COLLISION"

infinity

Records and Tapes

Thru Festival

OIL TOO CRUDE?

Midnight Oil play rock 'n' roll that is full of contradictions; aggressive yet sensitive, spacey yet down-to-earth, non-commercial yet catchy.

Garrett (the bald one): "Druggo types, bikies, extemely butch dykes, surfers."

Their image on stage is similarly hard to pin down although it centres on lead singer, Peter Garrett. On stage he draws most of the attention with stamping feet and flaying arms, often without a shirt and always dripping with sweat. He has been described as being like a bold Frankenstein toy that's been wound up too tight — and seeing his bald 6'4 frame raging 'round the stage, you could believe it.

Like Cold Chisel and unlike The Angels, Midnight Oil has no real rock 'n' roll credentials. They seem to have come from nowhere.

Rob Hirst on drums, Andrew James on bass, and James Moginie on guitar and synthesiser were the core of a surf-oriented dance band called Farm which some readers may remember from Christmas tours of the NSW north and south coasts in '75 and '76.

Lead singer Peter Garrett joined Farm in late '76 from Canberra where he had sung with Rock Island and the current line-up was completed in May '77 with the addition of guitarist Martin Rotsey, from Sydney band Gunga.

In January this year the band went public and started playing regularly at French's wine bar in Sydney with trips into the suburbs that blew the regulars off their bar stools or left the disco crowds dumb-founded and outraged.

I saw a classic mis-match at the Bondi Lifesaver one night where they were the opener for Dragon (at that time riding the crest of a wave). Dragon had one of their notorious and increasingly frequent off nights and Midnight Oil won the honours after two raging sets that made the appearance of Marc Hunter about as inspiring as a wet cigarette but. It was strictly no contest.

Sydney's rock radio station 2JJ has figured in the rise of the band; it featured the band in the first of this year's series of 'live-to-air' concerts, and also used them to open its outdoor gig at St. Leonards Park earlier this year (the gig also featured The Angels, Cold Chisel, and the re-constituted Madder Lake.)

Sydney readers/ragers have ample opportunity to see the band, they play regularly at the Rex and the Civic Hotels plus various functions at both Balmain and Paddington Town Halls. At the time of writing, they had made two trips to Melbourne (with a third in the offing pretty soon), two functions in Canberra, and one never-to-be-repeated trip to Adelaide (apparently a bit too much rorting took place and promoters are wary of inviting them back).

At this stage no national tours are planned and the band seems to have a "business-as-usual" attitude, though they are excited about their album and already have plans for a second.

November 1 is the release date set for Midnight Oil's self-titled debut album. It's currently going down at the historic/infamous/grotty Albert's number one studio under the expert care of 2JJ's technical wizard, Keith Walker.

The album will contain seven songs, all original, and all part of their current live set. Included are: the eight-minute epic *Nothing's Lost (Nothing's Gained); Powderworks,* a song about uranium from which their album label takes its name, *Used and Abused,* a song about the problems of demonstrating in the streets; *Head over Heels; Run by Night; Dust;* and a concession to their earlier days *Surfing with a Spoon.*

Around the traps at the moment, there are two lines of thought about the future of Midnight Oil. One is that the band has taken its non-compromising attitude too far and that it will be just another cult band that brought out an excellent album then faded into obscurity, the other opinion is that the strength of their live performances plus the quality of their album will carry them over the hill. At this stage it's anyone's guess which way it'll go.

Midnight Oil should be an inspiration to up-and-coming Australian bands. The band has tackled playing music for people in an uncompromising manner that has meant being black listed, badmouthed, and to a certain extent, ignored.

But a band of this calibre can remain underrated and "undiscovered" for only so long before the hacks in the industry realise that concessions to musical integrity will in the long run benefit everyone — audiences, up-and-coming bands, and record companies.

I spoke to Oil's singer, Peter Garrett, about their image.

What about some people who say your image is pretty aggressive?

Garrett: Well you know what a gentle, softly spoken person I am.

Yeah. I was going to put that in.

Garrett: Yeah? . . . Don't!

Well, it is [aggressive] . . . I'm really a non-compromising person in that respect . . . I mean; I won't take shit. In that situation I'm not a smiley, show-bizzy, everything's happy type person. I don't see why I should be, I mean I just haven't got that mentality.

Well . . . I am an aggressive person . . . but I don't think we're an aggressive, inviting violence type band.

I think my image is more mood created . . . I just reflect the aggression that's around me. I mean I'm not being aggressive at people . . . but there's a lot of aggression in the air sometimes, then that's how I'll be . . . I dunno, I mean . . . I'm too close to it really . . . I know a lot of people are scared to talk to me for instance.

Does that worry you? . . . that some people might get freaked out by you. Doesn't that make it harder to relate?

Garrett: No, not really . . . I mean if people are freaked out it's just because people . . . all you're trying to do is extend the level of conscious appreciation.

The really interesting thing about it is that the people who are always getting into us first are the "outside of society" type people; the bikies, the extremely butch dykes, the hard core . . . druggo types. street gang types, students . . . you know . . . then surfers, who have always been on the outer. Those people have no trouble working out where I'm at . . . they'll come up, give me a big kiss and we'll chat about things extremely pleasantly. It's just your straight sort of people who expect to see something that doesn't disturb their equilibrium, their pleasant little cocoon whatever, who get freaked out, who maybe wouldn't like it, thats all. I mean, [raising voice] I don't reckon I'm all that aggressive on stage anyway! . . . if you listen to the things that I say you'll realise that I've got a sense of humour!"

Mark Dodhson

ENGLISH DISCOVERS HIS ROOTS

> Memo To: All cast
> Re: Alcohol
>
> *"Up until now we have been reasonably tolerant of the consumption of alcohol on the set and location.*
>
> *"As this privelege has been abused . . . in future, any person found drinking alcohol during a shoot will be instantly dismissed, as will any person who is adversely affected by alcohol after a lunch break at a hotel.*
>
> *– Tom Binns."*

Reading over my shoulder, Jon English finds this stern directive, from the co-producer of his upcoming TV series *Against the Wind*, not exactly daunting.

"I like the *'adversely* affected' part", he sniffs, supressing a grin. Walking about with his shirt off, though outside it's 7.45 a.m. on a wintry Melbourne morning, English keeps up a good-humoured badinage with cast and crew. His well-built torso is semi-tanned, an ode to the weekends spent with wife, Carmen, and children in sunnier Sydney. A scruff of chest hair matches the blackness of his hair and brows. Despite arising after a mere five or six hours sleep, he is full of beans.

Today is the next-to-last day's shooting for Jon English and *Against the Wind*, a lavish, 13-part TV series set in colonial Australia between 1796 and 1815. English takes the leading role of Jonathan Garrett, a highway robber transported from England who becomes involved in the convicts' Castle Hill uprising against the militia and the ensuing insurrection of Governor Bligh. The series is based on real characters, true events.

"I guess you could say", says Jon, who, in the course of shooting, gained new sympathies for our powerless convict ancestors, "that it's the Australian *Roots* . . . "

The inner thigh of John's black cloth breeches has come unsewn, and Alison, Crawfords' pert-faced brunette costume girl ("I'm actually a nurse", she later confesses, "But a change is as good as a holiday") deftly attacks English's child-conceiving area with needle and thread. He manages to look at ease. She attempts to continue to dress him as he struts to and fro, having a stare out the window ("Listen, it's clouding over", says she: "Oh yeah . . . Par f'the course", says he), nattering to his female lead, English import Mary Larkin, an earthy young lady with a tart sense of humour . . . Grey wool knee sox, the breeches, a rough white cotton shirt, greay silk waistcoat and black tails with brass buttons find their way on. He steps into make-up for a set of greying sideburns and a light coat of Max Factor. His hair tied back with a black ribbon, he steps into a pair of black buckled shoes, and *viola!* Jonathan English becomes Jonathan Garrett.

A long way from *Countdown*.

Yes yes yes, and it's a long way from "It's the big round flavour . . . From the little round hole", that famous Lifesavers' ad which was said to have been conceived on the toilet bowl (draw your own conclusions), and which eventually screened starring the versatile Mister English.

And a long way from "Did you think you could save the world or was that just PR?", as Jon Judas English sang to so many thousands in *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

And an even longer way from that LSD-crazed axe murderer we saw crawling through a field of long grass in crazy-lensed close-up on *Matlock Police*, the Victorian cop show.

"Oh no . . . you *didn't*", groans English, face in hands. "You know, I starred in an hour-long special episode of *Homicide* called 'Stopover', which won all sorts of awards and everything, and did anyone see that? No! NO! *They all saw that bloody episode of Matlock Police!*"

Jon English's schedule these past few weeks has been the sort of thing most people spend a lifetime trying to avoid. As well as acting five days a week in Melbourne in *Against The Wind*, he's been finishing off his recently-released album (which was to be titled either *"Fluent English"* or *Basic English*, but has ended up, against Jon's wishes as *Words Are Not Enough"*) and doing the occasional gig with Baxter Funt behind him. On top of that, he volunteered the services of himself and guitarist Mario Milo as composers for the score of *Against The Wind* -- which entails noting down sequences to be scored whilst on set, composing them in Sydney, recording, mixing and producing them and occasionally supervising their addition to the track. Into this schedule he fits the odd interview, learning lines, rehearsing with his band, TV work, communiques with his personal manager, ex-Phonogram man Rod Thomas . . . and the odd moment with his wife and kids.

"I don't mind being away from home so much . . . I'm very happily married you see, I got a couple of kids. They were brought up in the environment of touring. I think they probably miss me, but they get used to it. Kids are like that . . . Carmen's so together when it comes to running a house. There's no problems."

Does he ever think a workload like that might send him round the bend?

"Oh no . . . I figure I'll know before anyone. I've never been inclined to be loony. I mean, in that *Matlock Police* episode" – which I've sadistically brought up again – "I was honestly acting. The workload's dropping off now though, it's good. I'm able to concentrate more on touring."

English does this with the band he's worked on and off with for seven years, Baxter Funt. The musicians backing him on the new elpee are basically Baxter Funt plus, and Jon is more than satisfied with both band and album.

"Yeah – very much so. Believe me, I would say so if I wasn't.

"I'm always getting into trouble for that sort of thing. It's very much a rock 'n' roller album, very simple . . . Lots of harmonies . . . The album is very, very hot."

And with the soft, jazzy single lifted from it, *Words Are Not Enough*, soaring up the National Top Ten, Phonogram (also handling *Grease* and *Sergeant Pepper's*) are naturally rubbing their hands in gleeful expectations. They're looking out for Jon boy to do big things

Born in London, Jonathan was the second eldest son of his librarian mother and a father who worked in civil airlines. The family moved to Cabramatta, NSW when he was a kid. After finishing school, English went through University, meanwhile working as an accountant. The first thing he contemplated being was a musician, but he didn't (and still doesn't) fancy starving for the art, "so I became a weekend hippie". His first band gave him pocket money at 15 – that was Sebastian Hardie. He stayed with them for many years, scoring them their contract with Phonogram ("for which they either love or hate me") and producing their album *Four Moments*.

English's first acting experience was in "Jesus Christ Superstar" ("I don't really differentiate between singing and acting. I am A PERFORMER. I thing there's heaps and heaps and heaps of Australian musicians who could be fantastic actors. He followed that up with acting roles in TV series including *Matlock* and *Homicide*, and twice went back for return seasons of *Superstar*

His first album was the patchy *Wine Dark Sea*, about which he muses: "It wasn't really me . . . It always takes me a long time to figure out what I want to do, to be . . . At that stage I wasn't sure, and the album wasn't really indicative of me . . . "

Then came *It's A Game, Hollywood Seven* and *Minutes To Midnight*. There were long gaps sometimes between recordings – mainly because of John's recurring commitments to *Superstar*, the latest of which was a short return season starring, once again, himself, Marcia Hines and Trevor White. Does he ever feel in danger of being seen as professional *Superstar* cast member?

"Yes and no . . . The thing is it just seems to creep up, to crop up. But it's great for breaking. It broke New Zealand for me, wide open. I can go and tour in New Zealand now and they know me, it's just like touring here. Both times I've done it it's been really important. And I was lucky, in that some of the characters were really identified as the part they played. . . The latest one I did partly because I had to keep the band in work."

Jenny Hunter Brown

OFF HEROIN AND ON THE ROAD AGAIN

KEITH RICHARD IS THE MOST ELEGANTLY WASTED ROLLING STONE. THE ROLLING STONE YOU NEVER REALLY EXPECTED TO LIVE UNTIL TOMORROW. WELL, NOW HE CLAIMS EVERYTHING IS BACK TO NORMAL. IN FACT HE SAYS "I'VE ONLY FALLEN OVER TWICE IN FIFTEEN GIGS". ROY CARR INTERVIEWED KEEF ONLY WEEKS BEFORE HIS HEROIN TRIAL, WHICH COULD PUT HIM IN JAIL FOR YEARS, AND MEAN THE END OF THE ROLLING STONES. MICK JAGGER INTERRUPTS ONLY OCCASIONALLY.

Contrary to legend, out on the road The Rolling Stones attempt to lead as normal a life as one can expect when living out of a suitcase and relying on room service.

Sure, madness abounds, but invariably it's restricted to the periphery.

On the road, The Rolling Stones run a tight ship: strictly those people who are directly involved in getting the tour from gig to gig. Organiser Pete Rudge has no room for excess baggage.

Under the ever-watchful eye of Security Director Jim Callaghan, the net is water-tight but low-profile. You won't encounter *any* of the psychopaths that some groups employ to beat the shit out of unwelcome intruders. No sadistic beatings bestowed upon those who won't take no for an answer, even though on numerous occasions the Stones' personal security guards are provoked beyond belief.

Some of the kids who cruise the corridors occasionally get to meet their quarry. After one speechless fan got to have a polaroid taken with Charlie Watts, he turned to his friends and after some considerable time managed to blurt, "It was . . . it was . . . it was a big thrill as when I shook hands with . . . with . . . with *Edgar Winter!*"

Charlie Watts was unavailable for comment.

Back in room 401 at the Royal Orleans, Keith Richard spent most of his waking hours entertaining friends like The Meters and listening to his cache of reggae tapes, Chuck Berry Chess out-takes and a number of tracks which no doubt will find their way onto the *next* Stones album.

As usual, the lamps are diffused by scarves and the walls festooned with photographs, a Union Jack and a large blow-up of Mick and Keith on stage with just screams to be used for either a poster or album cover. In one corner, a hospitality table, in another a couple of Boogie practice amps, guitars and travel cases over-spilling with clothes. A veritable home-from-home.

Keith and I talked casually over a three-day period, and on the day they were due to move on, Mick and Keith managed to dash off a new song before finishing this marathon interview.

Keith was wearing his favourite green, red and yellow "Soon Come" T-shirt and denims, Mick a T-shirt and a pair of beige pants. Both were barefoot.

Roy Carr: *Looking back over the years, it would appear that The Rolling Stones always work best under intense pressure?*

Keith Richard: Most people do and that's very true of the Stones.

But you can't deny the fact that overall, "Some Girls" is by far the best Stones album since "Exile On Main Street"?

Yeah . . . I guess you're right. We were feeling a little under pressure to come out with something different . . . or the same . . . or whatever.

The real difference for us was cutting "Some Girls" without having any other musicians present – any other musicians that we did use were only called in later to contribute specific extras. For a change, this album was purely our own affair.

Sure, we over-dubbed a couple of things later, but the actual record and the overall feel depended entirely on the five of us. And that kinda made us work even harder at it. There was more incentive.

Does that mean that when you've added Billy Preston and brass to the basic line-up, subconsciously you've unloaded some of the pressures?

Yeah. Half of it just could be that, and also someone like Billy Preston is such a genius . . . so used to working in the studio and so quick with it . . . that if he's in the studio when you're cutting a track – as opposed to over-dubbing his part much later – you find that on the playback you're often following Billy's lead before we, as a band, have had sufficient time to work specific things out for ourselves.

Last year many New Wave bands were viciously slagging off the likes of The Rolling Stones and The Who for allegedly being over-the-hill and obsolete . . .

Well, now most of them know what it's like!

Taking that kind of adverse criticism into account, you were virtually obliged to deliver a killer album or face the consequences.

Well, the fact that we did deliver . . . hold on, we didn't *feel* that we were going into the studio under that sort of pressure, 'cause we always try to make a good album. Whether or not an album hits the right spark is another thing entirely.

Well then, do you feel that perhaps The Rolling Stones had become a trifle lazy?

No. I read all those reviews that insist that "Some Girls" is the best Stones album since "Exile On Main Street" – but you remember what that very same reviewer wrote about "Exile" when that first came out. He slagged it off unmercifully. As you're aware, "Exile" took a long time for a lotta people to really get into.

Right, but the fact remains that "Some Girls" is very accessible. In the traditional sense of the meaning, it's an extremely good pop album. Like it contains four or five killer cuts which could make it as singles.

Sure. Personally I don't particularly wanna milk this album for singles. But you're right. Potentially there are at least three strong singles on it. So I wouldn't mind pulling off another track . . . two at the very most, then follow through with a brand new one.

We've already got a few things finished and mixed, because the ten tracks on "Some Girls" comprise the bare minimum. In actual fact we recorded something like 42 tracks in Paris, and though some of it isn't finished it all has the same basic feel.

There's an immediacy about "Some Girls" (and the out-takes) that suggest the basic tracks were recorded very quickly?

All but one track, "Far Away Eyes", were cut before Christmas and we started the sessions at the beginning of last November. That includes rehearsing . . . I mean, we took a month off just playing together before we actually commenced laying down backing tracks.

Over the last few years there've been tales of the Stones being incarcerated in the studio for months on end. Was the actual process of making records becoming increasingly drawn out?

Let's put it this way. The more musicians you use the longer it takes. The bigger the band the slower the process. Without any conscious effort, this time around we stripped things right down to the bare bones.

Also, you have to remember that this is the first album proper that Ronnie Wood has cut with the Stones. Luckily, unlike Mick Taylor's introduction where he came straight in and began recording, Woody and I have enjoyed two years on the road which has enabled the both of us to really get our thing together.

To his credit, Ronnie Wood has managed to integrate into The Rolling Stones' image without any problems. On the other hand Mick Taylor was always regarded as a guitarist with The Rolling Stones as opposed to a Rolling Stone?

I know what you mean. Soundwise, I could never integrate with Mick Taylor the way I do with Woody . . . And that has got nothing at all to do with how good a guitarist Mick is . . . it's just other elements.

Ten different guitarists can pick up the same guitar, plug into the same amp, and you'll find that without exception they all sound different.

It seems Ronnie hasn't allowed himself to become intimidated or awe-struck by joining the Stones?

Well, it was much more of a gradual process than a split-second decision. It was by pure accident that I started helping Woody out on his first solo album . . . went over to his place one day to do an over-dub and stayed three months.

'To wake up with 15 Mounties standing around your bed after they've spent an hour trying to wake you up to arrest you'

You once said that when a person reaches the age of 33 he undergoes a traumatic experience which often re-shapes the rest of his life. Many align 33 to the belief that Jesus Christ was that age when he died.

Originally that was just an overall observation. I went through it and didn't feel anything in particular . . . (long pause) . . . I dunno though . . . I was 33 last year and the effect has taken a few months to make itself felt. There was that whole Toronto incident and at the end of that I just knew I had to finish with dope. So I guess I did undergo something of a traumatic experience at 33 . . .

Be that as it may, you're looking obscenely healthy for a change?

Well, it hasn't done me any harm. And I was on and off junk for ten years. But – and I wanna make this clear – that doesn't prescribe it for anybody else.

Which brings me to the Big One. What cure did you undergo?

The same one as Eric (Clapton) . . .

Acupuncture?

Electro-acupuncture . . . it's so simple it's not true. But as to whether or not they'll ever let people know about it is another thing!

How does it work?

What can I tell you about it . . .? To begin with, I can't tell you how it works because *they don't even know for sure. All they know is that it does work.* It's a little metal box with leads that clip on to your ears, and in two or three days . . . which is the worst period for kickin' junk . . . in those 72 hours it leaves your system.

Is that all?

More or less. Actually, you should be incredibly sick, but for some reason you're not. Why? I dunno, 'cause all it is is a very simple electronic nine-volt battery-run operation.

So what happens after those crucial 72 hours?

Well then, it's all up to you.

Any usual withdrawal symptoms and after-effects?

No.

Having been a regular user for ten years, how does it feel to be going on stage each night straight?

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Truthfully, it doesn't feel that different to me because I always know what I have to do and what is expected of me. For instance, part of "Some Girls" was made in a totally different condition to what I'm in right now. But yes, I've started to notice the difference more and more since I quit using junk.

The last time I saw the Stones in concert (Earls Court and Knebworth) there were a number of occasions when you appeared to be totally detached from what was going on around you.

Let's put that down to tunnel vision. OK.

There's an immense difference in your present stage presence. Apart from your amazing mobility you really do seem to be enjoying yourself.

Let's say, I play my guitar a lot more than I did!

But it's not just you. The Stones are performing with much more cohesion and energy. The internal communication is quite remarkable. Should someone pull something extraordinary out of the bag everyone is immediately aware of it with eye-to-eye contact?

Yes you're probably right. It's difficult for me to tell because for one thing it's a different band and for me that's one of the biggest turn-ons. But with any tour you invariably reach a point where you become almost automatic, even though there are nights which really turn you on and nights that don't.

Usually, you hit this middle level that you sort of expect and live up to and if it reaches that level then it's OK. You can go home satisfied. But on this tour, every show is different, every show is alive, each one has been a turn-on.

During the '60s The Rolling Stones image was a combination of sex, drugs and violence . . .

'Over the last 15 years we've happened to meet extra-horny black chicks'

Yeah, but the drugs were never really a conscious part of our image. I've never had problems with drugs, only with policemen.

OK, drugs were mentioned in a few songs, but nobody in the band went around saying take this or take that. The drugs thing was just an extra side of the image that was forced upon us by political circumstances or whatever . . .

. . . As I was going to say, after Altamont, the violent aspect was promptly phased out leaving Mick to become the unisex symbol – a sort of Brigette Bardot of rock 'n' roll . . .

. . . (laughs) yeah, in a way . . .

. . . whilst you made the stance of being 'elegantly wasted' almost chic and as a result spawned a whole legion of Keith Richard look-a-likes. Do you feel you fell victim to your own image?

Ummm . . . I never felt under any pressures . . . you've got a particular image and people kinda expect you to live up to it . . . to a certain extent, yeah, I suppose I did try and live up to that image because I continued getting very wasted.

You must have been aware that in the rock press you were an odds-on favourite as rock 'n' roll's next celebrity casualty?

Oh Yeah, I know that.

Were such presumptions correct?

No.

Why not?

Because, despite everything, I'm a survivor. I know that for various reasons rock 'n' roll has a very high fatality rate. It used to be plane crashes. Then it was wicked management. More recently it has been drug overdoses. A lotta my best friends, like Gram Parsons, went that way and Gram was supposed to have cleaned up when he died.

Did the tragic death of friends like Gram Parsons motivate you in any way to kick your habit?

In a way, yes. Although I don't particularly blame junk for some of their deaths – simply because they would have done it on something else. Like Brian (Jones) always used to say, "I'll not make it much beyond 30", and Gram Parsons also had that kind of thing about it.

Do you think there's almost a perverse romantic death-wish flirtation that revolves around the cliches. Live Fast - Die Young - Have A Good Looking Corpse?

Most certainly, but these guys really mean it.

Did you ever have that kind of obsession?

No . . . definitely not.

So how did you cope with keeping it together for ten years?

I can only suppose that I possess the kind of mentality and psychological make-up that could handle it.

Ignoring your once-familiar aura of being elegantly wasted, you've always possessed much more intelligence than many people would credit you with. Do you feel that if this had not been the case you might have gone under?

Quite possibly, although I feel it's more instinctive than an actual thought process. It's like people are often driven by certain forces within themselves. They may well be highly intelligent and fully aware of the inevitable results but nevertheless they still succumb to their weaknesses.

However, around the time you were getting regularly busted you were openly contemptuous of your predicament, going so far as to joke about it.

I've never taken those things seriously for the simple reason that the actual busts have always been such utter farces.

To wake up with 15 Mounties standing around your bed after they've spent an hour trying to wake you up . . . like they can't even wake you up to arrest you.

Twice I've woken up in the same situation – once in Cheyne Walk, with the CID standing around my bed. To actually wake up to it . . . that's something that's indelibly printed on your brain. Other times, it'll happen when you're fully conscious, but to actually wake up and discover the drug squad in your bedroom . . . phew!

What has been the general attitude of various narc squads when busting you?

The English . . . let's call it politely sarky. Like, "Ello Keith my boy . . . old lad . . . old chum . . . you know the rules of the game!" A bit like that. Very buddy-buddy, but we're still gonna do ya. They always overact, always over-do things and now that I've managed to start beating their raps . . .

The thing in France has now been quashed . . . the first two or three have been taken care of and I'll take care of them because it was just the way that it was handled.

Do you still feel a marked man, because wherever you go there's always going to be someone who wants to make a name for themselves by busting a Rolling Stone?

'Goddam it, a large percentage of American women wouldn't be half as liberated if it wasn't for the Rolling Stones in the first place'

Sure, I feel a marked man. You mean, how come all these other people have busted the Stones and the American police – who are pretty sharp – haven't?

Yes!

I'm very lucky that I've never encountered any real problems with the American police. I think it's because they are now starting to understand. They realise what happened to Brian – which was nothing more than sheer persecution.

Concerning Brian, Mick insists that it was a systematic campaign of continual harassment?

It was disgusting. Vicious.

Mick also claimed that it was the authorities who were as much to blame for Brian's death as anything else?

Absolutely. That's quite true.

Well then, couldn't this similar chain of circumstances have had the same fatal repercussions on you?

No. Because I've always had a totally different mentality to Brian's. Poor old Brian let it get to him, which is exactly what the authorities wanted. As far as I was concerned, I just said "Fuck 'em".

When you toured the States in 1975, it was common knowledge that various Police Departments planned "Welcoming Committees" with the result that both you and Ronnie were arrested by the Highway Patrol in Fordyce, Arkansas, for reckless driving and possessing an offensive weapon – a seven-inch hunting knife?

That only happened because we left the scheduled tour. If Woody and I had stayed on the tour then that little incident wouldn't have happened, and I say that in Peter's (Rudge) defence. If we'd flown with the rest of the group and not gone by car it wouldn't have happened. It's as simple as that.

As quite a number of people drop by your hotel room in each town you visit, isn't there a chance that you could be set up for a possible bust?

Those kinda things are set up at a much higher level than that. Anyway, even people I know extremely well don't come to my hotel room door without first passing through our own security.

With the outcome of the Toronto incident still unresolved. have you contemplated the thought that you might actually go to jail?

As you must appreciate, at this particular time it's a very sensitive subject and therefore, I really cannot talk candidly about Canada. However, I've got a totally different attitude towards it . . . what can we call it, "An Old Man's Revenge!" . . . No, 'er . . . I dunno . . . No, I haven't contemplated the outcome because I don't think they've got the case to do it. I really can't say any more.

In June 1967 you spent a night in Wormwood Scrubs. What was it like?

Horrifying. But once you know what it's like you're prepared.

For most of your life you've led a very free rock 'n' roll lifestyle, so the possibility of being incarcerated in prison must be quite frightening?

I'd say my lifestyle is one of semi-freedom. It's freedom in one way but looking at it another way, what other people have that I don't is anonymity.

There are times when I could cry out for that kind of everyday freedom. I can never remain anonymous – that's the reason why I've been picked up by the police so many times.

Immediately after that period when you were busted in quick succession, did you feel that whatever you did there was someone lurking in the shadows waiting for you to make a wrong move?

Yes, and that's the way they get you. And if you worry about it you're finished. That's what happened to Brian.

In one interview you intimated that all Police Departments are corrupt?

Yes, in one way or another, but not always in the obvious way.

But if a kid on the streets had been busted by the narc squad as many times as Keith Richard, he'd have been sent down long ago. He wouldn't be able to move around the States as freely as you do.

'I've never had problems with drugs . . . only with policemen'

And, he probably wouldn't have been picked up by the police as many times as I have, if he had then he'd have been a lot more un-cool than I've been and, furthermore, he would have invited trouble.

O.K. But with your reputation how come you can move around so freely without being picked up – if only on suspicion?

Because there are no drawn lines over here. Things and attitudes are changing all the time which, in a way, is a good thing. There's a difference between what some people want, what public and social conscience demands and what the courts are trying to do.

That may be true, but things really haven't changed all that much. In many areas, The Rolling Stones are still bad news.

Sure, but *they* still wanted us to come here and tour. And as far as the US Immigration Authorities are concerned, they've implemented what they term a *discretionary law.*

Has the fact that you volunteered to undertake a drug cure programme in America proved beneficial in taking off some of the heat?

Without a doubt. Because they let me into the States to do it . . . it was great of them, even though I'm not blinded by it . . . it was probably political – a new administration that wants to show a new and more understanding attitude to the problem.

And as far as I'm concerned, the timing just happened to be right. The fact is, that before Toronto it was extremely difficult for me to get into the States, but afterwards . . . after taking the cure, it has proved to be much more easy. Furthermore, it has been good for me.

No more hassles?

No hassles, because I've managed to keep myself together. I've done what they wanted and done what I wanted both at the same time.

Like I said, you can see the improvement?

(Laughs) No make-up!

And you only fell over once in St. Louis.

I've only fallen over twice in 15 gigs . . . (laughs) but still kept playing.

Can't be bad?

Could be some kind of a record!

Last year a number of British punk bands delighted in putting The Rolling Stones down. However, Stateside the New Wave still showed respect, going as far as to publicly acknowledge both their influential and inspirational debt.

In America they kept the line going, whereas in England it seemed that the one and only objective was to break the line. Well, there's no way they're gonna achieve that because they've got far too many connections with us.

Many of the English punk records sound like our early records, and that sound is very hard to achieve nowadays. But it seems to be the sound many of them were aiming for.

We did them on a two-track Revox in a room insulated with egg cartons at Regent Sound. Under those primitive conditions it was easy to make that kind of sound, but hard to make a much better one. Today the new bands are having to work against environment, sophisticated technology . . . 24 track studios.

So, what happens is that you end up with someone like Glen Matlock – who in terms of songs has been one of the biggest forces behind the English punk movement – bringing Ian McLagen into The Rich Kids' line-up. So, straight away, there's a direct connection with The Small Faces.

Like I said, there's no way you're gonna break those connections . . . that line. Sure, you do get concerted efforts like The Sex Pistols, but that was studied. It was as much Malcolm McLaren as Andrew Oldham was our early high-powered publicist.

McLaren's a smart cookie. He pushed Rotten as a fourth generation singer-you-love-to-loathe Jaggeresque figure, and it paid dividends. But in terms of

publicity, his coup was installing Sid Vicious in something resembling your role – wasted public enemy number one.

Yet they tried to pretend that they weren't. Unfortunately for The Sex Pistols, it all happened much too early in the band's caree.. Things escalated so quickly. It's no wonder they found it impossible to hold things together.

It was a shame it happened like that because I'm very interested to see what Johnny Rotten does. I really do think he's a good performer. The only problem is, he's now in the unenviable position of trying to follow himself. How do you follow The Sex Pistols? Like Mick Taylor, I'd be very surprised if Rotten's new band ever gets out of the studio and onto the road. Nevertheless, I hope he makes it.

To a point, McLaren's strategy worked in that it gained The Sex Pistols instant notoriety, but in other ways they suffered from the kind of cheap sensationalist publicity that was more concerned with their personal exploits than with their music.

Sure it was sensationalised . . . wasn't ours? Once it comes it comes . . . cheap, expensive, mid-priced, jumbo-sized and you do what you do and that's all there is to it. The last story I heard about Rotten was really great – that he was taking a fiver off everybody who interviewed him, because he claimed McLaren's got all the money!

Charlie Watts has been quoted as saying: "If you want to talk about The Rolling Stones you should talk to Keith, who, I think embodies the whole Rolling Stones image. I'm not saying he puts it in on or anything – he just is that image". Most people would agree on that score . . . so how do you react when you see someone like, say, Patti Smith going to extreme lengths to subjugate her own personality and project herself as a painfully earnest female Keith Richard?

As far as chicks are concerned I'm very easy on 'em. Take it from me, it's very difficult to be a chick singer . . . a rock 'n' roll performer. Once they get started there's a certain amount of pressure, a certain amount of bullshit that goes down and you find that it's very hard to avoid it. O.K. so in a way Patti Smith plays up to it a bit . . . the only thing of her's that I've really heard is this fast thing . . . the single "Because The Night" . . . and apart from the image angle and the publicity I haven't really taken any notice of her.

But you must pick up rock magazines, watch television and see yourself cloned time-and-time again by kids you've never ever met or heard of?

You're right. Strange innit?

So is the spikey-haired punk cut, which is a modification of your bird's-nest.

Well, good luck to 'em (laughs).

Not so long ago it was reported in the British press that you'd banned Anita (Pallenberg) from attending punk gigs in New York.

I didn't actually ban her. What I did say was, if you're gonna drop by some clubs to hear bands there's much better music to listen to than that.

But at the same time, through Anita, I met a few young musicians who proved quite interesting to hang out with . . . but it was all typical New York.

However, when the daggers were drawn and the punks were putting in the verbal boot, the Stones didn't compromise themselves – whereas, it seemed Pete Townshend was offering vague excuses, publicly bemoaning the fact that he'd turned 30 and saying that he was afraid that maybe he was out of touch. He felt the need to reply.

The trouble with Pete is he thinks too much.

But Townshend wasn't the only one. Paul McCartney also seemed extremely suspicious of these new kids.

Since rock 'n' roll is only 22 or 23 years old, nobody knows at what age you can't do it any more Whereas, the artists that we . . . the Stones respect and admire . . . some of the best ones are still going strong. They've still got a lot to offer.

I saw Muddy Waters at The Bottom Line earlier this year and for me it was a revelation. He's still a vital force, and he conducted himself with supreme dignity. He was an object lesson to anyone who feels they're washed up at 30.

I agree. Mick and I jammed with Muddy just last week. Not only that, he's one of the best things in *The Last Waltz* movie. Music . . . rock music that is, isn't very old and those musicians who moan about being past it are just a bunch of old women.

Age has very little to do with it; it's your mental outlook.

"Some Girls" has as much vigour as the first few Stones albums. The only difference is it has got 15 years of experience to back it up?

There's a certain chemistry applied to a particular band, as long as they can hold it together, that comes through work. What I'm trying to say is that there's something intangible about The Rolling Stones.

Though the Stones have tried as hard as anybody not to lose contact with their public, Mick Jagger has often come in for harsh criticism due to his jet-set connections?

That's Mick, he just likes to gallivant all over the place. But people only hear the parts when he turns up somewhere flash, where there's reporters and photographers hanging out. They don't know about the other half of the places he hangs around.

So people just hear about his much-publicised high life. They rarely hear about his low life (laughs), and as far as I'm concerned Mick can get lower than anybody else I know.

Mick's not dumb. He knows that only a certain side of his social life is going to make the papers and he's learned to live with it.

Talking about misconception, don't you feel that over the years people have often misconstrued some of The Rolling Stones' attitudes and motives; such as your overt chauvinism, the tongue-in-cheek S&M ads for "Black And Blue" and the title track on "Some Girls"?

I wasn't even involved with the "Black And Blue" thing, but I thought it was quite funny. Trouble is, not too many people have a sense of humour – especially institutions.

Individually some people may have a sense of humour but as part of an institution they have difficulty translating it into its proper perspective. So they just end up like another load of protest marchers with bees in their bonnets, and don't realise how funny they look.

Ronnie Wood "hasn't allowed himself to become awe-struck by joining the Stones".

Goddam it, a large percentage of American women wouldn't be half as liberated if it wasn't for The Rolling Stones in the first place, and people like us. They'd still be believing in dating rings and wondering whether it was right to be kissed on the first date or not depending upon who it was.

As things like "Some Girls" corroborate, The Rolling Stones have never put reality into soft focus?

We write our songs from personal experiences . . . (laughs). O.K. so over the last 15 years we've happened to meet extra-horny black chicks – well I'm sorry but I don't think I'm wrong and neither does Mick – I'm quite sure of that.

Women still consider The Rolling Stones to be extremely dangerous?

Correct. There is this attraction and you can't turn around and say it isn't so. It exists and I'm fully aware of it but we've only played up to it in as much as we think that it still says something for us or we can treat it as a good laugh. If you can't take a joke . . . have a good laugh then you shouldn't be here in the first place.

It's Mick's sense of humour that allows him to take his sexual arrogance and narcissism to extremes without really damaging his credibility.

Well, Mick has no fear of audiences and that's what has always made him great. As a band, we've got complete confidence in his showmanship, so you can play it down or play it up depending upon the mood and the atmosphere.

Speaking of playing up . . . on stage, you are playing much more lead guitar than you've done in the last few years. When Mick Taylor was in the band, you seemed to concentrate on rhythm sound.

Mick Taylor is the kind of musician who automatically begins playing lead lines the moment you count in a song and what's more, keeps on going until the song's finished. So that way, there was a much more defined part to play – lead guitar and rhythm guitar. It was more obvious then that it has ever been.

But your ego hasn't been that of the usual guitar hero. We've spoken about this before, but it's a fact; lead guitarists have the worst egos in the world . . . much worse than either singers or drummers?

Certainly . . . (laughs) . . . much worse. Isn't it terrible?

But going back to the very early days, you never seem to have shown any desire to play more than two or three chorus solos.

Never had the need to. I still consider myself a part of the basic rhythm section. O.K., so I play more lead now simply because of the songs we've ended up doing on our current road show.

Also, with Woody in the band, the lead and rhythm thing isn't as cut and dried as it used to be with Mick Taylor.

With Woody, I'm able to suddenly take over the lead and once he hears what I'm doing he'll automatically drop back. The same thing works the other way. That's the kind of interplay I enjoy and the good thing about it is that it works.

(Enter Mick Jagger . . .)

During the early '60s The Rolling Stones started out covering R&B standards and, having personalized the style, began writing their own material in the same mode. Though to date you've only covered one bona fide reggae song (Eric Donaldson's "Cherry Oh Baby") and written one of your own ("Luxury"), you seem to be incorporating many of the reggae studio devices in selected Stones material.

Richard: It's like when we went to Jamaica to cut "Goats Head Soup". Everyone immediately assumed The Stones are gonna do a reggae album. But influences come through so much slower than that.

Jagger: We already knew the reggae things – we just didn't wanna do it at that juncture . . .

Richard: More important, we didn't think we were capable of doing it.

Jagger: Exactly. We weren't capable of doing it on record as good as we would have liked.

Richard: . . . and we didn't have the experience of living there and integrating with the local music scene – the whole Roots thing.

Jagger: I don't wanna cut off anybody . . . yer know, The Stars Of Music . . . but . . . the Stones have liked just about every kind of music that's come up.

We started out liking blues . . . and we wouldn't play nuthin' but that and Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley – and we were knocked for that . . . and we were knocked for writing our own ballads, which were hits . . . and we were knocked for writing our own gospel songs like "The Last Time" . . . been knocked for almost everything.

The Rolling Stones seem to have been totally rejuvenated both on record and on stage.

Jagger: tell that to the *Manchester Evening Guardian* or whatever . . . Some of the British reviews have been un-be-lieve-able . . . things like "Death Knell For The Stones!" . . .

Richard: Who's she?

Jagger: I mean, "Some Girls" is our biggest album in years and some of those provincial newspapers . . . the least said the better. You sometimes wonder if they've actually heard the bleedin' album.

Richard: A lotta reviews are influenced by whether or not they got in the room with you.

Jagger: Tell yer what I have noticed on the Southern dates – and that is that the audiences seem to be very young indeed.

. . . which reminds me of that really great quote by Johnny Rotten . . . no, it was The Clash . . . "NO STONES IN '77" and No Sex Pistols In '78, eh! Hold on though, when you think about it, you gotta admit that it's very funny . . . typically English. Really.

There were a lot of interesting new bands in England during the '76-'77 period, but unfortunately only a few could successfully transfer their live stance to record.

Richard: A lot of what happened in '77 was more theatre than actual music.

Jagger: Yeah. But we didn't really make any gas-out records in early '77 either. We were just fuckin' around. But we had 'em all in the back of our minds and by the time we reached Paris we'd stored up a lot of songs which we then began to write. When we were doing the mix-downs for "Love You Live", we'd tell the engineers to get on with the mix while Keith and I and whoever was around just started playing the new material.

Richard: That's true. While we were in Paris Mick and I wrote more songs together than we had done in ages.

Jagger: And those who like the album all say it's the best since "Exile", right?

. . . Well I did like "Exile" very much. It was like four single-sided albums – hopefully, something for everyone. It wasn't really meant to be played all at once. But people didn't understand, especially the English reviewers. They seem to have this weird idea of The Rolling Stones as being this band and we've never been *that* band, but they imagine we are. We can do *that* band if we wanna. . .

ARE BALLS ENOUGH?

THEY'VE GOT A LITTLE OLD FOR THE CHILD- MOLESTER MARKET, THEY'VE GOT NO MONEY AND NO RECORDING CONTRACT, AND OTHER FEMALE MUSICIANS HATE THEM. BUT THE RUNAWAYS HAVE CONVINCED TONY PARSONS THAT EVERYTHING'S GOING GREAT . . .

Joan Jett: "As if we'd screw anything for the incapable assholes in the auditorium."

'Girls got balls,' Joan Jett declares, lovingly running her fingers over the gleaming nine-inch blade of a borrowed black-handled flick-knife francais. 'They're just a little higher up, is all . . . '

The World's Last Rock Star stares at the chiv and calmly murmurs a soliloquy of retributive justice, Joan wants revenge on a number of people. The first is a D.O.A. dealer . . .

'She sold me Quaaludes at this party and nearly killed me at nineteen. They were cut with strychnine. Put me off drugs for life, man, I'm too scared to even puff on a joint now. When I get back to L.A., she's dead.'

And there's a five-second wonder of the punk epoch who is living proof of the old adage that states some folk kiss and tell, some folk kiss and don't tell, but only pathetic, permanent assholes tell when they haven't even kissed . . . (Remember?)

'How dare he say that about me? That fat ugly bastard!' Then she laughs. 'Say, whatever happened to The Damned?'

And there's the legend in nothing but his own mind, who started in the '60s organising Love-Ins and grew to middle age in the '70s as just one more entrepreneur . . .

'The contract he give us was so one-sided. We were just 15. We finally told him to 'Fuck off!' at the start of this year, and there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it. But it took us four years to find out.'

She sighs. 'You learn the hard way in this business I guess . . . '

'The Runaways are all just assholes who didn't understand the hustle.' Kim Fowley said that.

Joan Marie Larkin was just 15 when, like the song says, Mum and Dad moved to Hollywood. Wasted time at every school in L.A., getting loose and hanging around the lobby of Suzi Quatro's hotel for a week at a time.

SHE TOTTERED OFF to school on her platforms - where her sun-bleached surfing class-mates would throw rocks at her for wearing her satin 'n' silk glitter tack, Diamond Dogs make-up and all. She didn't have any friends . . . to get through the day she was dropping so many downers that she rattled like a half-full packet of Smarties. So lonely the other kids would never know . . .

But the NIGHT was another cup of meat entirely. The countless hours spent in the strobe-lit darkness of Rodney Bingenheimer's English Discotheque were quite possibly the happiest times Joan Jett will ever know.

As Joan, Julie and myself get steadily Smirnoffed in the intimate Chez Parsons-Burchill garret listening to Gary Glitter, Alvin Stardust, Sweet, T. Rex, Bowie and Quatro, the memories come flooding back . . .

'I don't believe it! Oh, I wish I was 16 again. I'm gonna write a song called 'Living In The Past'.'

she sighs, then perks up, kicking her legs in the air and aiming punches at the cracks in the ceiling.

About the time Rodney was considering presenting Joanie with a gold watch she ran into Kari Chrome - apparently a teenaged alcoholic Emily Dickinson - who brought to her attention the Kim Fowley cattle-calls set-up to select the suitable pubescent female fleshpots that ol' Kim hoped would capture the wet-dreams and wallets of the Hip Easy Paedophilia market.

But, like Napoleon invading Russia, Fowley omitted one major factor out of his calculations; by the time The Runaways (what else?) had learned their instruments, rehearsed, gigged, negotiated a recording deal, cut-released and promoted their first album, they were no longer young enough to be hyped as provocative thumb-suckers.

'I'm a Runaway, smut me? He'd like to help you, kid, but you're old enough to vote . . .

'The Runaways are over the hill,' the Fowley - no spring chicken himself - cackled. 'Past it. Too old.' So he went off and made the same mistake with Dyan Diamond, ex-Venus and The Razorblades.

'Dirty-girl-sex,' Joan Jett sneers. 'Pushing us as if we'd screw anything for the incapable assholes in the auditorium.'

It's four years since The Runaways' inception. Cherie 'Bertha The Barmaid' Currie has departed, taking her corsets with her, to cut a Virgin Next Door M.O.R. album produced by Fowley.

THE STRAIN of touring proved to be too much for a girl with Jackie Fox's intelligence quotient of 170, so she failed to commit suicide but managed to get out of The Runaways and into a press office job until she can go back to the campus-site.

The Runaways of here and now (Joan Jett, vocals and rhythm guitar; Sandy West, drums; Lita Ford, lead guitar; and relatively new girl Vicky Blue, bass) are managed by Blondie's manager, the shrewd, sagacious, steadfast Toby Maimis, who regards their future optimistically.

'We got no money, no recording contract . . . but apart from that, everything's GREAT!"

Well, it's not really, but I know what Toby means. The Runaways have cut three good albums - *'The Runaways'*, *'Queens Of Noise'* and *'Waiting For The Night'* - and one great album - *'Live In Japan'*. They've done two world-wide tours. Joan Jett has established herself as a singer (that beautiful pretty though powerful vocal), songwriter (check *'You Drive Me Wild'*, *'Wait For Me'*, *'You're Too Possessive For Me'* or *'Waiting For The Night'*) and performer (witness any Runaways gig) the equal of anybody who has come out of American rock 'n' roll since Tim Buckley.

'You really think so?'

Of course I do, Joanie!

But, ineffable though they are, The Runaways remain tainted with the Fowley jerk-off concept. Guilt-by-association with the past. You probably sneer when their name is brought up, you hip merkin.

'I'm afraid,' reflects Joan, 'we're gonna end up like the New York Dolls. Having our albums repackaged and bought and drooled over by people who said we were shit before we split.'

She takes a mouthful of Smirnoff from the bottle, wipes her lips with the back of her hand.

'But . . . I'm gonna see The Runaways right through to the end . . . '

Nevertheless, she is bemused and not a little sad about the way that practically any new female musician feels the need to slag-off The Runaways. 'The Slits hate us apparently . . . what did we ever do to them? I'm never gonna be satisfied with how well I can play guitar, sing, write songs . . . is that a crime? Don't they like that attitude?

'And Rodney Bingenheimer's got this radio show in L.A. where musicians ring in and talk and Patti Smith rang in and was screaming hysterically about how much she hates us . . . '

WELL JOAN, in your very first interview you did say Auntie Patti has got floppy tits, looks as if she's coming down off four quaaludes and that people who like watching her are the same people who stare out of morbid curiosity at a dead dog in the middle of the road!

'Ah, she deserves it! She's old enough to be my mother!'

Joan says that on their recent European tour the band were practically ignored by the press whereas two years ago the hacks were queueing a dozen-deep.

Roy Hill summed it up when he sang: Of course I only cut the album for a laugh/To have some journalist slay me in a paragraph/ It's only my life . . . tonight I think I'll end it with a knife.'

Yes, Joan gets attacks of manic-depression. They last about 30 seconds. She lunges at the cat we named after her. The black and white Tom scampers under the bed, blushing hotly.

'Hey, come back cat? You Irish cat!' - Joan is half-Irish - 'Wouldn't you think that cat'd know I'm an animal person? I love going round my parents' house, got six cats and a mutt. I love seeing my big, haughty, faggy-looking Tomcat!'

But things are looking up for The Runaways. They seem certain to re-sign to Phonogram. Toby Maimis is a well-suss geezer who has steered Blondie to international success, and the band are all set to go back Stateside to record their next album.

The main problem appears to be the conflict resulting from the Anglo-punk infatuation of romantic Joan Jett and the Heavy Metal obsession of axe-hero Lita Ford.

'She says my songs are too easy to play, and she don't like it when I write slow melodic songs like *'Wait For Me'* or *'Waiting For The Night'* . . . and she don't like punk! How can she not like punk? Me, I hate all those guitar solos, just like Rainbow, who she loves.'

Joan was going to go 'jam' - I believe that's the expression - with Paul Cook and Steve Jones, but Toby Maimis warned her that Talcy Malcy was liable to stick the session out as a single; Joanie Rotten?

'I went down the Vortex the last time I was here, I wanted to talk to lotsa English punks, but it was very heavy down there. The kids were really hostile to me because I'm American or something . . . also, I'm a bit shy meeting new people . . . '

Joan Jett is a teenager for two more months. She started out as a gimmick and developed into one of the greatest rockers in the world, caught up in the Hollywood Dream's Kitsch-22. She's tough, brave, shy, frequently smart, sometimes dumb, funny, in her element on stage and restless when she's not, call boys 'man' and girls 'bitch' and right now she's extremely drunk. Ain't we all?

Caught between the longing for love and the struggle for the legal tender, waiting for the night . . . she comes up to my chest and should be enormous.

YOU CAN FEEL IT
ALL OVER

I love you Stacey!

2UW
110

We're tuned in to you.

DON McLEAN ON TOUR

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THURS. 28th	SYD. REGENT THEATRE
FRI. 29th	NEWCASTLE CIVIC THEATRE

OCTOBER

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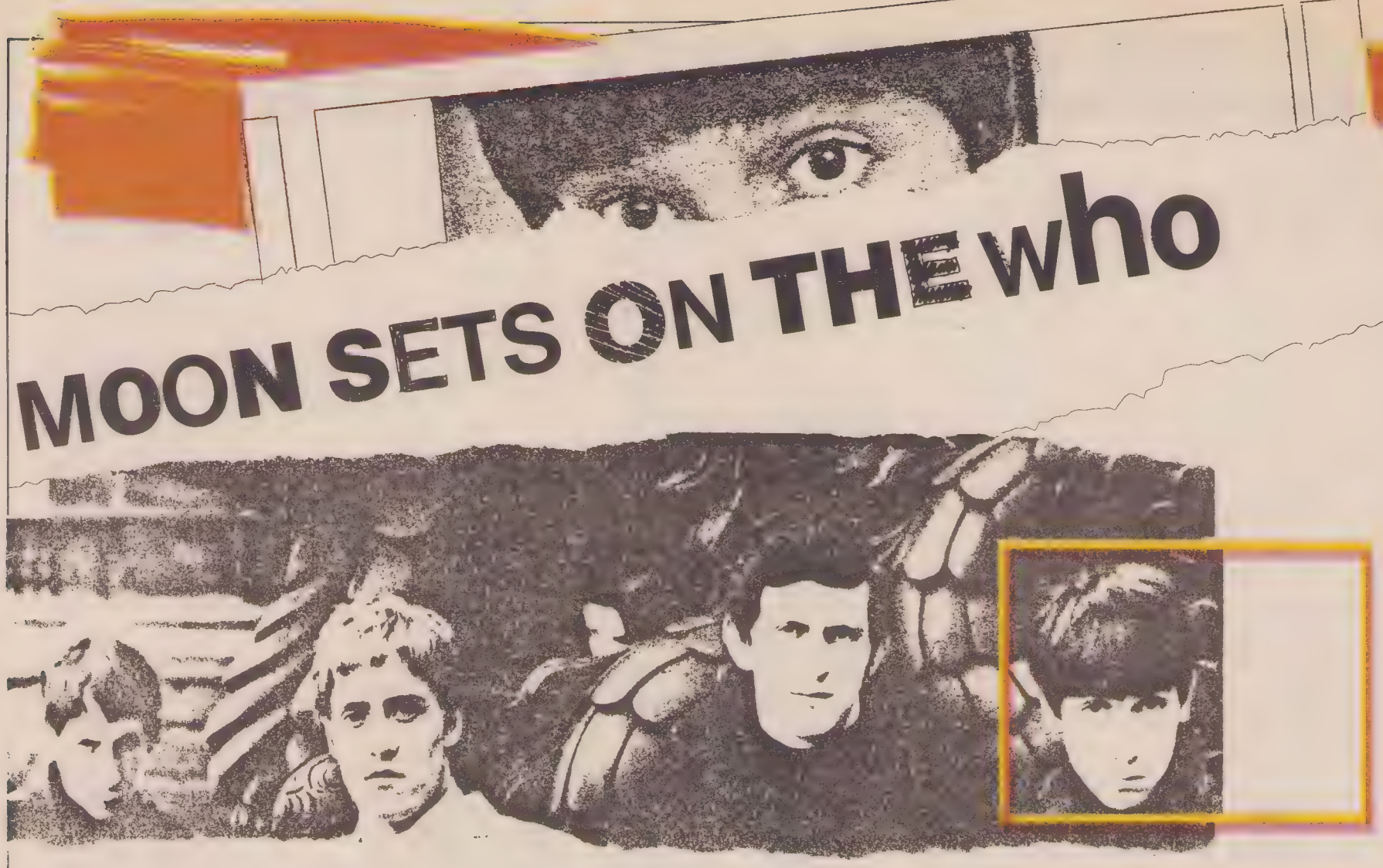
MOON SETS ON THE who



David Dale/Stuart Coupe

Keith Moon is dead. Everyone knows that. Since he was found on the morning of September 8, in the same flat where Mama Cass died some years back, the papers have featured a string of stories.

The facts seem to be that Keith was found by his Swedish girlfriend Ann Walter-Ax, a few hours after he returned from the London premiere of the Buddy Holly movie. A post-mortem showed he had four drugs in his body. He had died from an overdose of a drug (unspecified) which had been prescribed for him. Nobody's quite sure what moral to draw — should we worry about doctors or dealers? For the press, it just goes into the file as another pop star drug death, and Keith joins Jimi, Janis, Jim and all the others.

Suicide was suggested then quickly discarded. Keith was just too cheerful for that, everyone said. He had the reputation for being the "wild man" — the others in the Who were the deep thinkers. He was the frantic drummer. The one who smashed up his drum kit. Smashed up hotel rooms. Drove cars into swimming pools. Poured a bottle of vodka over Norman Gunston's head. Never lost his sense of humour.

While the other Who members did their thing, Keith stayed the same. Pete Townshend discovered Meher Baba and worried about What It All Means. Roger Daltrey became a sex symbol and film star. John Entwhistle got into writing. But Keith held onto the Who's image of the 60's. The only member of the band who stayed destructive at age 34.

Nik Cohn described the original Who thus:

"Always, they were murderous. Pete Townshend used to smash his guitar full into the amps, shattering it like kindling, and the amps would scream out feedback, would squeal and explode.

"And Roger Daltrey, who sang, used to swing his mike like a lariat and crash it against the drums, and Keith Moon used to play drums with twenty arms, mouth gaping and eyes bugged, flailing and thrashing like some dervish".

And Cohn described their image:

"Moody bastards, the lot of them. They used to act like so many spoiled children, they threw tantrums and spat at each other and had fights on stage. They were violent. Well, they were only silly. They'd be obnoxious to most everyone and they'd cause endless hassle." (From Nik Cohn's WopBopaLooBobLop Bam Boom).

The Who came to Australia in the 60's on a package tour with the Small Faces and Paul Jones. Remember when they were asked to leave the plane because of their behaviour and language. That was their image.

But the others got bored with it. They left the spitting image to the new generation like the Sex Pistols. And where did that leave Keith Moon? He made a few movies — as a nun in Frank Zappa's *200 Motels,* plus *Count Downe, That'll Be The Day* and *Stardust.* And he enjoyed a short career as the wicked Uncle Ernie in *Tommy* ... in the movie, and in several stage versions. We saw him in Australia's *Tommy* staggering all over the place with a bottle of whisky and a dirty raincoat, upstaging everyone.

But this life didn't have enough violence to suit his manic personality so he started smashing more than his drums. In 1972, Keith described a party he had organised. The party began with everyone getting stoned out of their minds and jumping into the swimming pool with their clothes on. But that was just the beginning.

A drum company had given Keith a giant cake with a drum kit in icing on the top. "I picked up the cake, all five tiers", Keith recounted, "and hurled it at the throng. People started picking up the pieces and 'urling it about. Everybody was covered in marzipan and icing sugar and fruitcake. The manager heard the fracas and came in. There it was, his great carpet, stained irrevocably with marzipan and fruitcake trodden in, and everybody dancing about with their trousers off.

"By the time the sheriff came in I was standing there in me underpants. I ran out, jumped into the first car I came to, which was a brand new Lincoln continental. It was parked on a slight hill, and when I took the brake off, it started to roll and it smashed straight through this pool surround and the whole Lincoln Continental went into the swimming pool with me in it. Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

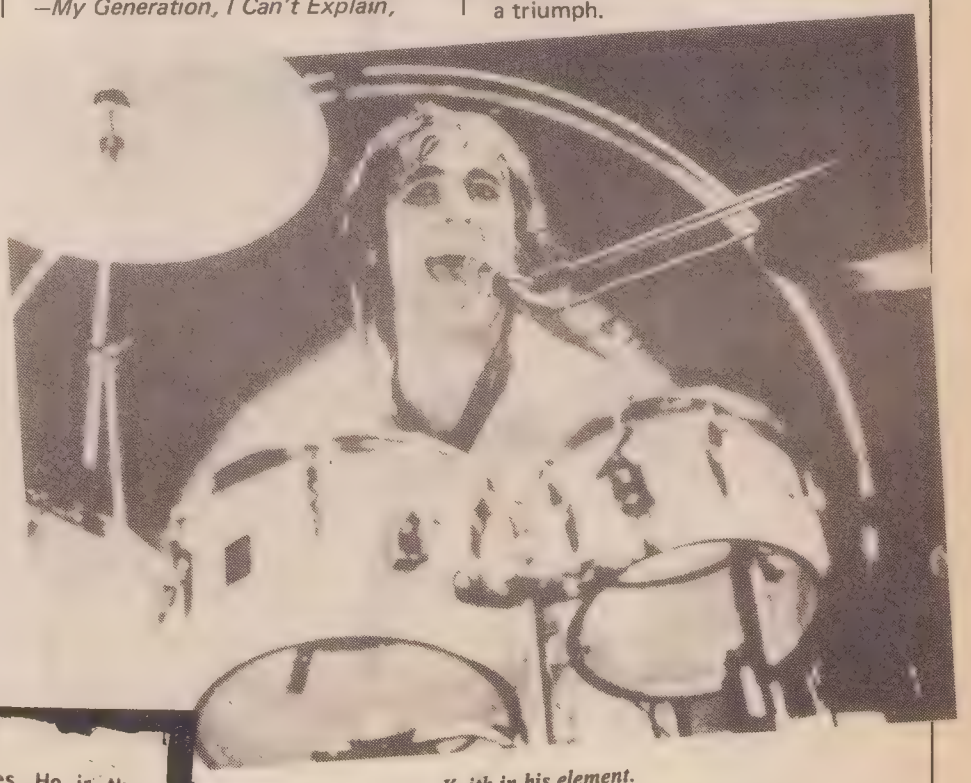
Keith spent the night in jail, and ended up with a bill for $24,000 for damages. Other adventures around that time included chopping up a hotel room with a hatchet, because "I was bored".

But Keith left more behind than a trail of destruction. His style was an essential part of the Who's legacy to music. The four mods from Shepherd's Bush. Back from when they called themselves the High Numbers, they were making classics of rock and roll. Songs of teenage rebellion at first —*My Generation, I Can't Explain, The Kids are Alright, Substitute, I'm a Boy.* They the arty period with *Tommy,* followed by albums like *Quadrophenia, Who's Next, Who By Numbers* and, in the last few weeks *Who Are You.* And this isn't just an obituary for Keith Moon. With his death, it becomes an obituary for the Who.

The sad part is that the Who were just coming back to life. After several boring years, during which they hardly saw each other, they had just rediscovered how well they worked together. Pete Townshend said in his recent RAM interview: "I started getting disenchanted not only with what we were doing and everything around the band, but because nobody else seemed to be pushing either. The band came through that very down period. I stopped treating them as a group of partners and started to think of them as people to drink with.

"Suddenly I realised I liked them and liked working with them. It was a bit of a discovery."

But the discovery came too late. Townshend once wrote: "Hope I die before I get old". Keith Moon has done it, and it doesn't seem like a triumph.



Keith in his element.

KEITH MOON

Born 23rd August, 1946, Keith is the drummer, with black hair and large brown eyes. He is the youngest and newest member of the group, and comes from Wembley on the outskirts of London. He has a unique style of drumming that has sparked off many imitators in the London area. He twirls his sticks round his head like a cross between a drum major and a practitioner of black magic, and then slowly spins them down onto the skins. Keith goes in for tee shirts with designs of targets, arrows or even just the word "Pow" stuck on them. In fact, the word "Pow" sums up Keith's character more effectively than any lengthy description.

MUSAK OF THE SPHERES

The latest cosmic disco sensation is Jeff Wayne's *Musical Version of the War of the Worlds.* One wonders what old H.G. Wells would have thought had he been aware that his novel would become a stylish '70's soap operatic opus featuring such luminaries as Julie Covington. David Essex, Moody Blues vocalist Justin Hayward, and Thin Lizzy's Phil Lynott. To add a tinge of the *respectable* Richard Burton was dragged in to narrate the work. Jeff Wayne takes credit as executive producer, composer, orchestrator, conductor, producer, epilogue singer, and director of dramatic and narrative sections.

Producers usually tend to remain very much in the background, dwarfed by the *stars* they mould. It's only recently with the advent of *the producer as star* syndrome that producers like Alan Parsons and Jeff Wayne have begun to be recognised as *artists* on a level equivalent to those they produce. Whether they deserve the description of *artist* is open to debate. In the case of Jeff Wayne *satisfier of mass needs for tonal satisfaction* is more appropriate.

Wayne visited Australis recently "to put a face and personality to the name". We discovered Wayne investigating the cosmos from the ninth floor of the Boulevard Hotel in William Street. The *vibrations* seemed OK, no Fighting Machines were in sight, so questions were asked.

Alan Parsons began his excursions with a musical adaption of Edgar Allan Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination,* and then progressed to matters of technology and pyramids. Does Wayne plan to attack other themes, and does he have any in mind? "Not really, because doing the *War of the Worlds* I learnt a lot about how to go about buying somebody's rights. H.G. Wells wrote a lot of things and they're all copywrighted. Like with anyone who has a success with a book, people want to buy the rights to them and it's quite an amazing scramble as to who owns what. It took us 9 months to sort out the *War of the Worlds* and we wound up owning everything that was available but the movie rights and the book rights. So from what I've been reading lately that I thought had good ideas that could be translated into music, we're at the same stage we were at 3 years ago. Trying to find out who owns what."

The production and recording of *War of the Worlds* took 2½ years. A considerable amount of time indeed but "of those 2½ years you must subtract the 9 months it took us to find out who owned what rights. The fact that it's a double album which obviously takes longer than a single album was a factor. There were a lot of extraneous things that wouldn't take place in the writing and making of an album of say a band or an individual artist, 10 songs or whatever it happens to be. We have a narrator, Richard Burton. While he was fairly simple to get once he was given our script and all that and said "yes", the actual physical recording had to take place in Los Angeles. He said "yes I want to do it but I'm making a movie". So my engineer, myself and a couple of others, went over to Los Angeles and sat for 3 weeks in a hotel waiting for him to become available. They didn't know from one day to the next how the shooting was going to go. We had expenses and time duration that has nothing to do with the making of a normal record.

"The other really major thing that took the time was the fact that this was done on a 48 track system which, again, going back almost 3 years, nobody had done in England before, and I think probably not in most centres around the world. It just happened that the studio I was recording at had the prototype machinery to do this – to link up two 24 track machines. So we had the technical problem of figuring out how to make it work. Everything we did was a one-off because no one had done it before and we didn't have any reference points, and just the complication of it being a continuous work for 95 minutes."

Once the legalistic concerns had been attended to there arose the problem of character selection. Required were a journalist, his girlfriend, Beth, an artilleryman, a Parson, the parson's wife, and THE Heat Ray. How was this organised? "Once I had finished writing the music I had assembled a cast of characters which were obviously drawn from the novel of H.G. Wells. I eliminated secondary people, secondary plots and then composed the music. First and foremost we're starting with the premise that it's a musical work, not a story album where it's 95 per cent narrative and 5 per cent music. It's totally the other way around. I just did it as a composer would write anything.

"I'd written the music. I had my cast of characters. I had little written descriptions of the type of person I was looking for. For example, in the case of Phil Lynott who's straight rock 'n' roll I was looking for a voice to play the part of Parson Nathaniel, a larger than life Parson who doesn't think that the Martians are Martians – he thinks that they're Devils and only he can save the world. I wanted that sort of description I said 'right, who can do this sort of performance?' There weren't that many people who fitted that type of category so it was quite easy to go in the direction my own character description said."

Richard Burton appears to be the odd person out in this motley collection of rock 'n' roll creatures of varying success. Why and how were his services sought? Wayne explains that "Richard Burton was to be the complete opposite of everything that was going on musically. I wanted the voice to be one of authority and command. The idea was to direct and keep him fairly objective, and not to say (with grandiose overemphasis) "OH MY GOD HERE COMES A MARTIAN FIGHTING MACHINE" and go completely bananas about it. He would report it journalistically and then let the music be the aggression, be the excitement, or romance – whatever happens to be going on with the musical story."

Wayne was reported to have been very keen to keep all the performers British. Was this a case of nationalistic pride or were there more *meaningful* reasons? It's actually "because H.G. Wells wrote it in the late 1890's and we set it in the same period. Although it's contemporary music it's still set with that feeling of coming from where the descriptions of H.G. Wells described it, which is all throughout England. In fact, I can recall certain record companies offering me *name* artists from America who would have been great from a record sales point of view but it would have just lost the whole continuity, the whole *honesty* of the thing."

What about this "contemporary music"? From certain quarters the album has been mercilessly criticised for its disco rhythms. There's even been suggestions that Wayne was *cashing in* on the current disco boom. Did he consciously set out to give the music a disco flavour? *(Will John Travolta play the Parson in the stage production? – ED)* "That was certainly and definitely conscious. Again it gets down to the fact that one's making a record that has to stand up like any record and if I was trying to create my own personality in colours and sound I'd obviously do it on a contemporary platform. Again, three years ago, disco was just at its beginning. It wasn't really at where it is now and so I figured that it was a nice way of starting to be able to tell a story."

The War of the Worlds has been excessively popular, flying up both album and singles charts in most countries. Is Wayne surprised by this sudden success? "I'm surprised by the *speed* with which it's become popular. The history of what you'd call story or conceptually orientated projects shows that the death rate of them is so vast that only a few of them have been unqualified successes It's usually when they stand up musically first and foremost without dwelling upon the concept, and that's what I was hoping the *War of the Worlds* would do. It seems to be doing that." Wayne concurs with Alan Parsons in attributing the success of his project to radio play. He believes that it's important for albums like *War of the Worlds* to contain material suitable for radio.

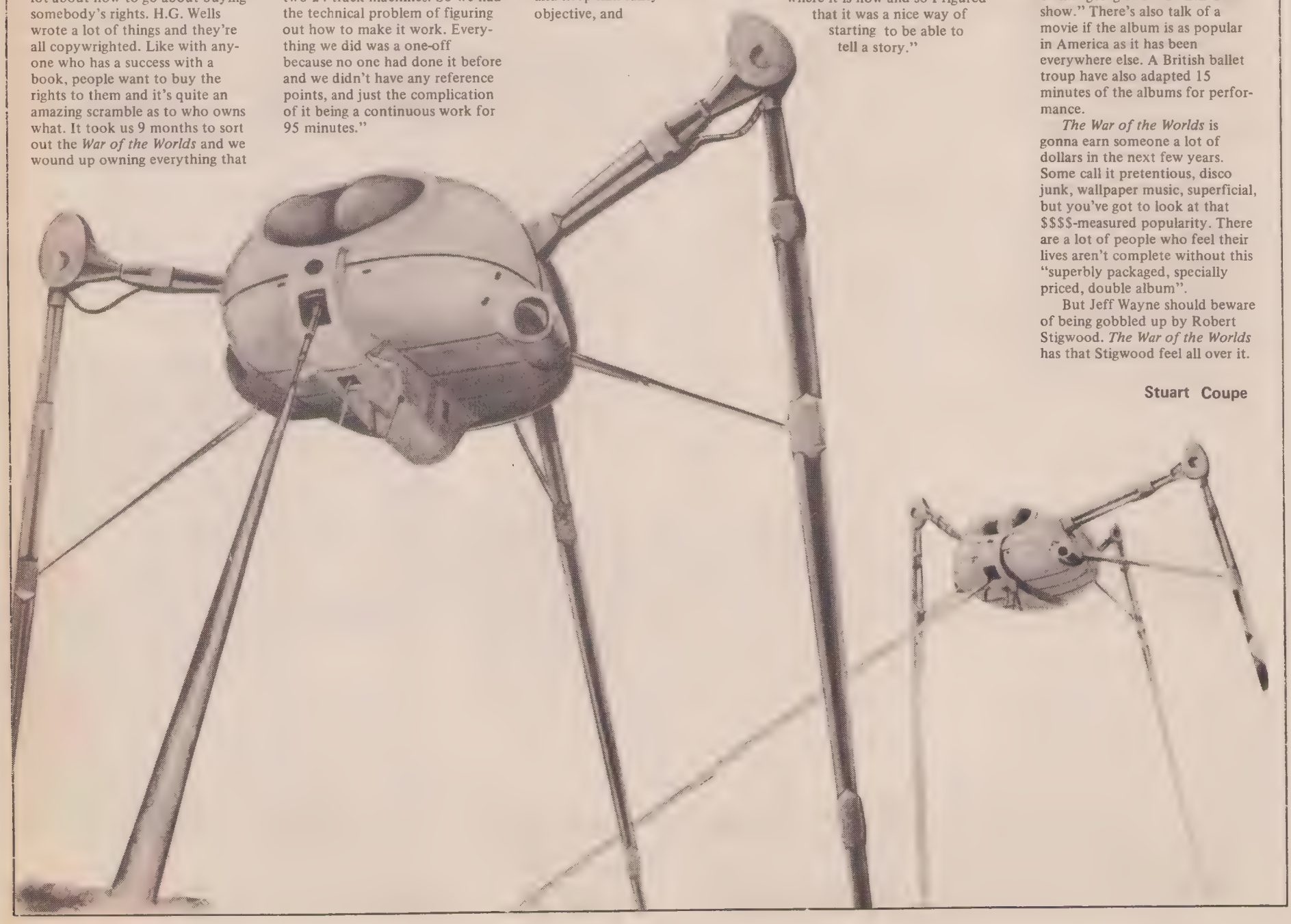
Are there any other similarities between Parsons and himself or are they working in different areas? Wayne considers that there's "a difference between Alan's approach and mine. Alan's influences have come from engineering and production. Mine come from writing and arranging and playing, so our attitudes in the making of records are probably different. My goal is to get it out on the road like any musician. I don't think he looks on himself in that light. I think he looks on himself more like a movie director. In all the interviews with him I've read that's what he keeps on calling himself – the movie director in a studio."

Wayne plans to stage concert versions of the *War of the Worlds* having already done a small show at the London planetarium. For that he used lasers and planetarium effects. In a large scale concert situation "it would be like going to see an E.L.O. show." There's also talk of a movie if the album is as popular in America as it has been everywhere else. A British ballet troup have also adapted 15 minutes of the albums for performance.

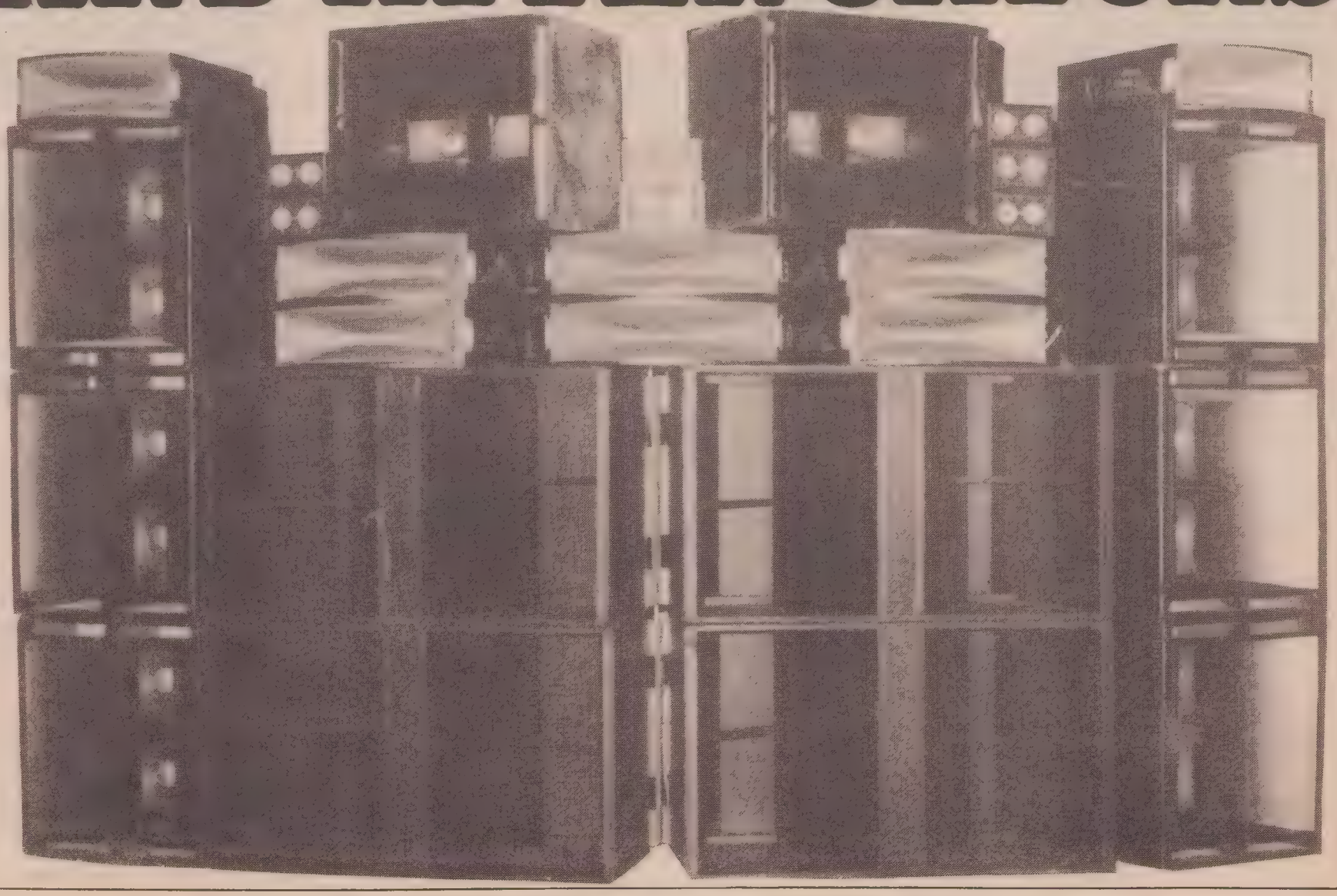
The War of the Worlds is gonna earn someone a lot of dollars in the next few years. Some call it pretentious, disco junk, wallpaper music, superficial, but you've got to look at that $$$$-measured popularity. There are a lot of people who feel their lives aren't complete without this "superbly packaged, specially priced, double album".

But Jeff Wayne should beware of being gobbled up by Robert Stigwood. *The War of the Worlds* has that Stigwood feel all over it.

Stuart Coupe



A POX OF TRANSISTORS SLIDERS EQUALISERS CROSSOVERS AND ATTENUATORS



Okay, now lift the thing'.

The W-bin leaves the edge of the Kenworth trailer, and then there are six of us supporting the enormous weight of the box. Just one slip . . . one sneeze . . . one falsely placed breath and down it could come - crushing feet, cleaving fingers, ripping arms from their sockets. Quite easy for digits to loose their tenuous grip of this monstrosity; as soon as someone looks like collapsing under this massive load, I'm just gonna have to split . . . every man for himself.

But no-one does collapse, and after such an endurance marathon, we manage to manoeuvre this one eighth of the Split Enz mega-watt P.A. system onto the side of the stage. Do I hear the boards creaking?

'Okay, let's get the other ones,' says Jeff, road manager, and my arms complain with disgust at the thought of such an idea. The deposited bin crouches, sneering at me. P.A.s . . . P.A.s . . .

From the Babeled heights of the Enzian edifice down to the stained pulp-papered cones of budding young . Henry's Quo-ed up combo, all P.A.s have one thing in common . . . they're all a goddamned nuisance. But they're necessary, a necessary evil that has sent many a good musician down in flames. Public address systems have the power of life and death over every band; it doesn't matter how good a musician you may be, or how well rehearsed your act is, those son-of-a-bitch black boxes over to the side can make you or break you. And they know it too, smirking behind their fluttering V.U.s, scheming in the dark depths of their complex circuitry.

For P.A.s can represent technology at its most insidious - a pox of transistors, sliders, equalisers, cross-overs and attenuators quick to plague the strivings of the most dedicated musician, reducing him to a mere husk capable only of playing shakey 12 bars in smokey wine bars. But the courageous need not lose hope, for there ARE systems that quickly ally themselves to the cause of premium rock-n-roll reproduction. Armed with a few facts, stout heart and quick mind, the P.A. purchaser should be able to buy a valiant beast rather than a Frankenstein monster.

So, if you're a musician, who doesn't have a degree in electronic spaghetti-weaving, no head for diode diabolism, and regard P.A.s with a kind of superstitious loathing, 'dBs, Hzs Ohmages, impedences' and other mystical terms don't mean a damn thing . . . What is needed is gut responses, facts from the school of hard knocks. Here they are.

LAYOUT

The layout of a public address system, be it on a small or large scale, no matter what make, is basically this: It is comprised of three major components - a mixer, power unit and speakers. Of course there are all kinds of special doo-hickeys and what-nots that grace most set-ups, but basically the whole system is little more than the above.

MIXERS

A mixer is what you plug the microphones into. Most mixers have facilities to accommodate at least four

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microphones; each of these facilities is termed a channel. Each channel performs a variety of functions on the initial input signal from the mike. Equalisers change the tone of the sound by dividing the signal up into various parts, enabling you to boost the upper range ('more treble') and to cut the lower range ('less fucking bass'). Some mixers carry effects controls on each channel, allowing reverb (a spring echo) to be given only on the vocals; or flanging (that much over-used whooshy sound) to grace young Henry's guitaring. Sometimes channels have line attenuators, these limit the input signal and reduce any distortion.

As each channel has its own volume, the overall sound of Henry's pseudo Quo-isms (if all instruments are milked) can be adjusted for effect and venue. Thus, guitarists known for arrogant volume over-kill can be quickly quashed through careful mixing, rather than resorting to the more traditional kick-in-the-groin.

Mixers may also feature V.U.s (those impressive little needle meters) that aid the controller of the machine to keep a visual check on distortion rates. Plenty of V.U.s give a mixer that no-nonsense technological appeal. Each channel can have a standby switch ('is this thing on?'), monitor send (more of this later), P.F.L.s (pre-fade listening so that each channel can be heard independently by the controller), and many other knobs that can be included - for a price of course.

There are a lot of mixers on the market, and personal tastes vary greatly when it comes to choosing a good one. In the six-channel range, the Yamaha 150 is relatively quiet (producing few extraneous noises), easy to use with effective controls and features an 8 band equaliser. It also houses its own power unit of 150 watts. Equally efficient is the Roland YX-55, but it has no equaliser and only rates at 60 watts. In the 12 channel range, HH produce a magnificent mixer featuring line attenuators and an optional module capable of manufacturing almost any hung-out effect you want. Flanging, phaseing, echo - its all there. The design of the mixer is functional and impressive, and in addition to all this, the HH is stereo. It is relatively inexpensive for what you get, and best described as a 'creative mixer'. Once again Yamaha produce a good machine in this field, the PM 1000. It features everything and mixes down to four channels. An ideal studio mixer, its cost is as impressive as its specifications. Up in the 16 channel range, HH and Yamaha are once again representative of the best, though a 'little beaudy' of a mixer is Oz's own Jands. These perform all of the functions of a state-of-the-art 16 channel more than adequately, and they're also reasonably priced and much more available.

So what do you look for when buying a mixer?

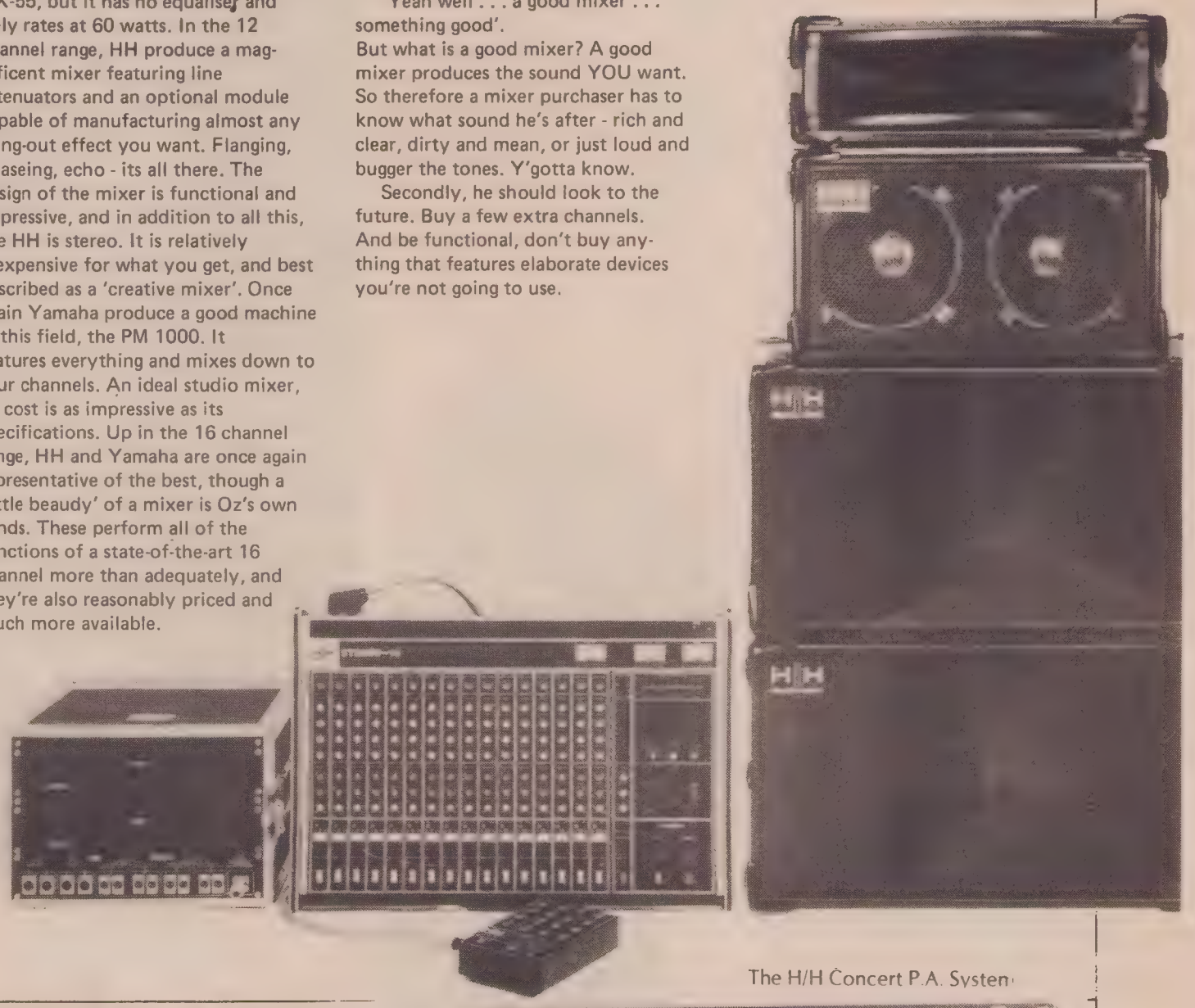
'I want it to sound . . . good'.

Look here, do you know what you really want?

'Yeah well . . . a good mixer . . . something good'.

But what is a good mixer? A good mixer produces the sound YOU want. So therefore a mixer purchaser has to know what sound he's after - rich and clear, dirty and mean, or just loud and bugger the tones. Y'gotta know.

Secondly, he should look to the future. Buy a few extra channels. And be functional, don't buy anything that features elaborate devices you're not going to use.



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Thirdly, talk the matter over with the person who's going to be controlling the mixer. You have got one . . . haven't you?

'Well, the road crew does it sometimes'.

Kcc . . . hrist . . .

One foolproof method of testing a mixer is to try and borrow (if you can) your intended purchase for a night. Hastily organise a rehearsal. Try to borrow as many mikes as the thing has channels. Set the equipment up, mike everything. Run the mixer into a tape deck (of reasonable quality) from the 'line-out' socket provided on the back of any mixer of quality. Record some of your material, fiddling with the controls of the mixer, and trying to find the sound you require. Turn equalisers, add reverb (most mixers have that inbuilt), alter volumes. If your scrutiny is keen, and you obtain that sound, return to the music store and inform the proprietor. If you do end up purchasing a bad mixer, a good mixer is little Susie Jones from down the road - the life of the party.

POWER AMPS

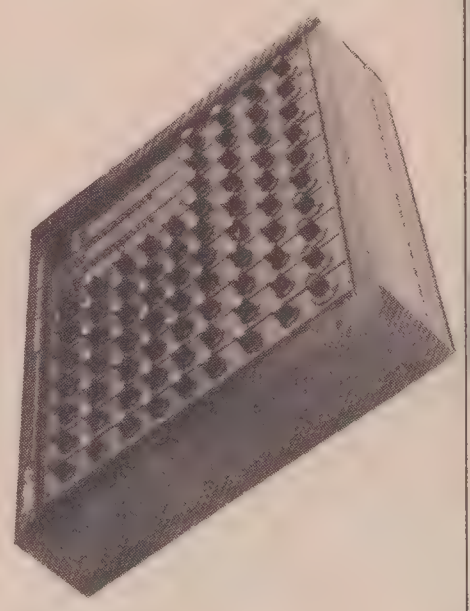
Power amps are the machineries that actually produce the volume. They nestle by the speakers or with the mixer, looking ominous, stacked one above another. A single power amp is capable of producing anywhere between 150-1000 watts (watts being electrical measurement of power, decibels (dBs) are the audio measurement). Thus by using a certain number of these nasties hooked together you can have the sheer volume at hand to fuse your audience to the floor . . . melt them down to bubbly fatty sludge pools.

Weighing in at 150 watts, the Jands J300 is a robust amp, producing clean loud sound (as does its 600 watt companion, the J600). Phase Linear and Crown manufacture 'hi-fi' 250 watts units, great quality and quite expensive. For all round value, the HH SD500 seems unbeatable. Pumping out 1000 watts from a small compact chassis, the SD500 is also stereo. Other brands of power amps are similar in design and output to those mentioned; basically all power amps are the same (if you don't want to compare specs), differing only in price. You shell out more money for only marginal increases in quality and loudness.

SPEAKERS

The range of speakers and types of cabinets for them is quite extensive, but a P.A. basically utilizes a structure of various bins and horns (although the smaller systems can use column speaker arrangements). 'Bins' come in all shapes and sizes designed to handle various parts of the frequencies amplified, some do the low-lows, others the mid-range frequencies. Metal horns disperse the highs all round the place and ring or shot radiators scream out the very upper limits of the music. And to make sure that each bin and horn only receives the frequency it deserves, 'crossovers' are needed (4-way, 3-way, 2-way etc depending on what configuration of speakers is used). Altec, HH, Electavoice all manufacture good speakers, but the yardpole of the industry still seems to be J.B.L.s. The JBL K140 is a 15" 150 watt speaker efficient in handling lower and middle bass. The K120 (12") and the K110 (10") carry 120 and 175 watts respectively and are best suited for middle to high frequencies. JBL horns come in assorted sizes, and give the highs a very clean penetrating smoothness. This is not to say that JBL has cornered the market on speakers. Each brand of speaker gives its own characteristic sound. JBLs have clarity and are LOUDER. Altecs are warn, Ceewin Vegas are fat and Etone are hard working ('they do the job'). Once again its a matter of knowing what you're looking for, and what type of sound you want.

And then there are mikes needed. Shure's AKG has a plethora of makes



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and models to choose from. The only way to determine what best suits you is to try the buggers out. And of course there's monitoring needed once you feel your band warrants it. Monitors allow you to know what the rest of your band is doing, who's out of tune, out of time, out of key, out of their stinking heads. The monitor signal comes from the mixer into a separate monitor amp and then to a number of floor wedges, each containing a speaker, perhaps a horn. And a monitor system has to be loud. It doesn't matter if your main speakers are reducing the venue to rubble, up on stage you might not be able to even hear yourself playing. Without effective monitors, the music on stage becomes quite disjointed and the chances of ballsing up introductions and missing cues increase dramatically.

The problems associated with purchasing a P.A. do not usually lie with the equipment. Most problems are inside the purchasers head; plain old thoughtlessness. Quality is not directly related to size, efficiency is not always ensured by outlay. Buying a P.A. is a tricky sometimes suicidal business and nothing comes closer to ultimate frustration than spending enormous capital or making repayments for X years on a system that turns out to be a lemon.

So the first rule in purchasing a P.A. is to limit your buying to an approximate amount of money. Its so easy when dealing with H.P. agreements to sign yourself away for equipment that is over-indulgent at best and completely extraneous at worst. Test out as much equipment as you can, don't be impressed by fancy gadgets and multiple controls.

Secondly choose a system that is suited to the venues you play at, and one that can be separated from the money you earn. Massive set-ups are just not needed for dingey clubs, nor do occasionally working semi-pro bands really need 16 channel mixers!

Try and determine what sound you are looking for. This greatly aids in the search for a suitable system. Otherwise you're just throwing money into the darkness, taking chances. Once you've bought the thing, you're usually stuck with it.

Also remember that the system has to be transported. You can rent trucks, vans, and trailers to move your massive audio annihilator around in, but such practises have a tendency to quickly empty the coffers.

P.A.s . . . P.A.s . . . P.A.s . . . Gone are the days of two columns of speakers and a lone, beer-stained amplifier. Trying to find a system that is best suited to your music and your budget is a long and arduous task; any decision may be costly or fatal. A bad P.A. will pick away your dedication, corroding your enthusiasm and stunting any dreams of stardom. The first encounter with a slimy dismal system robs the musician of his innocence, and at this very moment countless vocalists drift back to 9 to 5 work carrying hire purchase payments on scumbag setups that initiated disillusion and despair in a once ambitious band. So be wary, and know what you are looking for before purchasing a P.A. Only you can decide what is best suited to your needs. And if you don't fancy taking the chance on blowing anything up to ten or twelve grand, then the solution is simple: rent the damn things and sneer back at THEM.

To state the obvious, every group must have a P.A. System. The problem arises when we add the question what P.A. should a particular group purchase.

The days are long gone when a P.A. system consisted of two columns with 4 x 8" speakers, two mike channels and a 100 watt amp. Today local groups have 10,000 watt systems with 20 mikes, four road crew and vast amounts of auxilliary equipment. To find out why a band suddenly needs a large P.A. and just what a band should look for in purchasing a new P.A. we looked to Howard Page, Jands Chief Sound Engineer. Howard has been designing and operating Jands large concert P.A. systems for some seven years.

"Concert Sound Systems come in all shapes, forms and sizes. I don't think I've ever heard two systems that sound identical even in the same hall. The design philosophies are all different but they all must have the same goal and that is to take the hundreds of variables such as hall acoustics, size of audience, type of group, type of guitar amplifiers, drum kits, etc. and try and achieve the best possible sound balance and quality."

As our systems are used for many different groups each year, they have to be capable of meeting many varied requirements. To understand how Jands designs sound systems let's look at the components that go to make up a touring system. Following the sound from its source; All vocal mikes are Shure SM58; All instrument mikes are Shure SM57. The drums' mikes will probably be Sennheiser MD421 or AKG D12 depending on the Group Engineer's taste and the way the kit is tuned. The mikes plug in to 2 x 20 way fully balanced Multicore Cables leading to the main mixer in the auditorium. The Multicore input box also has splitting outputs to feed any mike to the separate 20 channel stage monitor mixer (known as the 'Roadies Delight') located on the stage side. The House mixing console is custom designed to take the pounding of road and air transport. The mixing console is the heart of any system and must be 100% reliable. This mixer can give a full stereo live mix, a separate recording mix, a mono T.V. mix and 16 track feeds all at the same time.

The stereo live mix outputs of the board feed to a stereo 1/3 octave graphic equalizer. This is always preset before the concert using a Pink Noise Generator and a White Real Time Analyzer which is the only way to accurately tune a system to a particular venue. The stereo signals then feed to a set of DBX 160 compressor/limiters which ensure the amplifiers are not driven into consistent square waves; one of the primary causes of speaker system failure.

The signal then feeds to a switchable Jands 4 way Stereo Electronic Crossover which splits the signals into different frequency bands **before** the power amplifiers. The signal then returns back down a separate multicore to the power amplifiers on stage behind the speaker stacks. The amplifiers **must be** state of the art units. We use the Phase Linear 700B, Crown DC300A, and the newest unit, our own J600S which is proving equal to, if not better than the overseas alternatives. It was designed primarily to be used as a rugged P.A. amp with the best specifications, unlike the other U.S. amps which are basically "hotted-up" hi-fi amps.

Each amplifier rack, which is of steel construction, is mounted inside a foam lined plywood case when travelling. The rack is fan cooled and contains switching and matching systems to enable complete flexibility and access should any failure occur. Heavy duty speaker cables connect the amplifier outputs to the final link, the speaker system. Jands use J.B.L. loudspeakers without exception, these are housed in a variety of different enclosures many of which have been custom designed by Jands. Our newest range of enclosures are all composite boxes. That is each box contains four different speaker components and is a P.A. within itself. To make systems bigger, more boxes are added like building blocks. The big advantage of composite boxes is that they are quick and simple to set up, they sound good, and it means you don't have to carry around a lot of superfluous woodwork.

For most bands wishing to purchase their own P.A. this system is of course out of the question but careful analysis offers some food for thought.

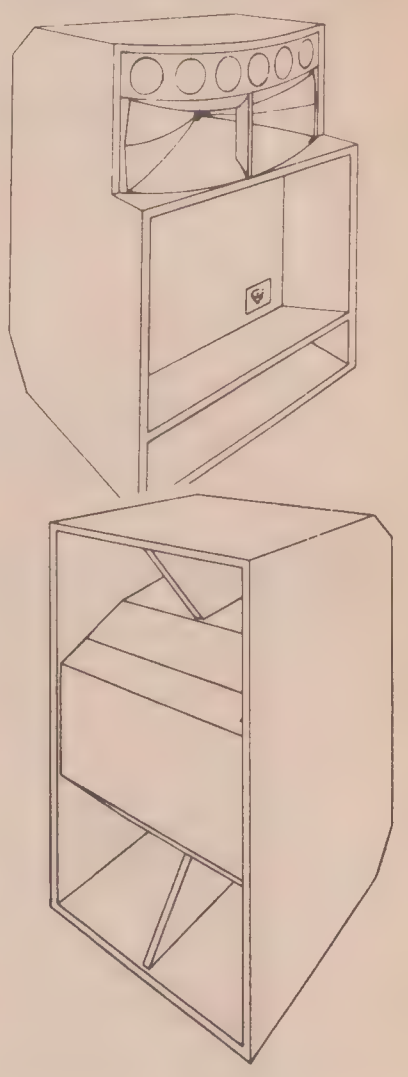
Firstly, all products used in this system are readily available in Australia at competitive prices, don't be conned into buying cheap components that are claimed to be nearly as good. A band should remember that good service is essential. If you buy a top brand name from a reputable dealer you'll always get good service.

Second, make sure that the gear you buy can take on the road abuse. It should be well mounted — steel amp racks with fan cooling and plywood speaker boxes are essential.

Third, all leads and connectors should use Cannon plugs and sockets. If the product uses Jack plugs, Din or Touchel Connectors stay away. These connectors are not built for rock and roll.

Fourth, look to reliable road crew and make every effort to have a sound check before the show. Make sure that the gear is carefully packed at the end of the gig and that microphones and leads are packed properly and not left in a tangle.

Learn as much as you can about your gear. You don't need to be a technical wizard to find most problems. Draw up a block diagram of the system showing what connects to what and you can very often just follow the chain and isolate a problem quickly and without undue delay.



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PUNK IS DEAd

WITH THE NEXT THREE PAGES, RAM DECLARES PUNK OFFICIALLY DEAD – AND WE'VE PADLOCKED THE COFFIN SO IT CAN'T RESURRECT. PUNK SELF-DESCTRUCTED. BUT FOR ONCE, THE FALLOUT IS HEALTHY. THE BANDS WHO SURVIVED THE RUBBISH WILL MAKE A LASTING CONTRIBUTION. OUR THREE PART SPECIAL BEGINS WITH HARRY DOHERTY'S EPITAPH FOR THE NEW WAVE IN BRITAIN – HE CONCLUDES THAT DISCO, NOT PUNK WILL BE REMEMBERED AS THE SOUND OF THE 70S. THEN MIRANDA BROWN FAREWELLS SUICIDE RECORDS IN MELBOURNE, WHICH SNAPPED UP THE NEW WAVE BANDS IN AUSTRALIA, THEN FOUND THERE WAS TOO MUCH PREJUDICE. AND FINALLY, NICK KENT TALKS TO THE SURVIVING SEX PISTOLS, WHO CONFESS TO A LIFE OF THEFT, VD AND DRUNKENNESS.

DISCO WILL OUTLIVE PUNK

HARRY DOHERTY ASSESSES TWO YEARS OF THE NEW WAVE

The new wave, to me, is a period of time, from early '76, when we laughed heartily at Sex Pistols, through '77, when we took them in deadly earnest, until now, when the joke's on them once more. But new wave, too, was more than a specific style of music.

In two traumatic years, after all, we have had punk, Seventies' r&b, in the shape of Elvis Costello, the Boomtown Rats and Graham Parker, polipop (Tom Robinson), powerpop and a half-hearted stab at psychedelia. Is it any wonder that there were identity crises?

So where does that leave us today? I reckon we've turned full circle. A survey will reveal that hard rock is re-establishing itself. Or, to be more precise, it is being realised that hard rock never went away.

With the advent of a brave new legion of revolutionaries, it was deemed that "hard rock" was an uninspiring terminology to convey fresh ideals but who can now even consider denying that the Pistols, Damned, Stranglers, Rats (and many, many more) have not utilised the primitive impulse of hard rock as their backbone.

For instance, I should imagine that in the very near future we will see the likes of Sham 69 (who have always been a hard rock band, though their standard is debatable) in direct competition with the emerging heavy metal band, AC/DC, whose lyrics are as genuine as Jimmy Pursey's.

It all boils down to who has the ability to transfuse the energy of the street into their music.

But that is yet to come. What we have now is a melting pot of the rebellious movements of the past two years with all that preceded them. Tags have become redundant. They're all in it together.

The wheat and the chaff of the new wave have been fairly separated, and on the positive side we have seen the emergence of the Stranglers, Rats, Magazine. Blondie, Television, Talking Heads and Rezillos, but I still don't think we can make any startling claims of originality for their music.

There are fresh variations on what were becoming predictable themes, and each band has a direct precedent. The Boomtown Rats fit into the Rolling Stones family tree; Costello and Parker are linked with Van Morrison; Magazine with Roxy Music; the Stranglers with the Doors.

If there was a distinct new sound, it came in the shape of the speedster chord-thrashing of bands like the Buzzcocks, where the melody is captured in the vocal rather than the instrumental track.

The technique of that band is pretty low but the energy in projecting it cuts through.

Apart from the Buzzcocks, X-Ray Spex and maybe a couple of others, the careers of bands relying on speed (and there are a lot of them) are going to be short-lived.

The major effect of the new wave was undoubtedly to change prevalent attitudes and provide a platform for young bands.

They didn't need heavy financial backing, or an influential manager, or a massive p.a. or a stack of keyboards, or a laser. All they needed was a stage and the nerve to get up on it and show off. That's how most of them landed recording contracts. Record companies were forced to reassess their terms of reference.

It also created the opportunity for older artists like Nick Lowe and Ian Dury to re-enter the public eye after years of obscurity.

Nick, after the Brinsley Schwarz capsule had been aborted, was carving a nice little career as a producer of new bands (GP and the Rumour, the Damned and Elvis Costello) as well as putting down his own tracks. He was thus viewed as one of the guardian angels of new wave and hence demand for his own album grew.

Dury, too, had little success with Kilburn and the High Roads ("Handsome," on Dawn, was their only album) and looked to be well on his way to a war pension when his doctor diagnosed a weak heart.

Dury proposed his plight in the British Melody Maker (July 17, 1976): "I'm not even nearly famous yet, so I can't stop now."

Lowe, with the Brinsleys, and other bands (Ducks Deluxe, Joe Strummer's band, the 101ers and, of course, Dr Feelgood, among them) had, of course, helped create the climate for the new wave by relentlessly plugging away at reactivating the London pub circuit.

Lowe has brought a tongue-in-cheek poppiness, while Dury has rare musical humour. Had it not been for the new wave, Lowe and Dury would most probably still be regarded as cult figures.

Similarly, Darts would have been squeezed out as sub-standard Showaddywaddy by the mass public and considered "just another pub band" by the London clique had they not come up with the new wave.

Reggae and new wave have developed hand and hand over the last two years. First of all, we had the influx of touring Jamaican bands, and now we've reached the point where British reggae bands like Merger and Steel Pulse are coming to the fore. The excellent Steel Pulse are openly called "the white man's reggae band", which makes the Birmingham rastas a real pioneering group.

But what I object to more than anything about people who set themselves up as the leaders, commentators or whatever of new wave is their elite and snobbish overview. "New Wave is this . . . new wave isn't that." That blatantly blinkered approach has excluded what is probably

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the real musical phenomenon in Seventies' Britain: disco.

Let's face it, new wave has not had as much success as disco.

I can't stomach most of disco but I'm sure that when the history of the Seventies is being examined in relation to the Eighties (as we have done with the Sixties), it will be disco, and not punk, that will be recorded as the major sensation of the decade. And we try to tell ourselves that it doesn't exist.

The more I think about it, the more I tend to agree with Chris Hill's rather dramatic claim that disco is the "real youth underground".

I don't like much of it but I don't need to to appreciate its strength.

And perhaps if most critics had adopted that attitude earlier, instead of turning up their noses at it, we could have had a real revolution going.

We have ignored a great percentage of the youth population by excluding ourselves (not excluding them – remember, they're in the majority) from it. There is absolutely no reason why disco should not be considered as part of the new wave, whether you love it or loath it.

No, to justify new wave as a "phenomenon", you've got to look beyond its limited musical appeal (it was reckoned at one stage that there was an actual "new wave audience" of 20,000 in the country).

You've got to consider its effect on fashion, record companies, the major bands (were the foundations really shaken?), and the music press, as well as the emergence of politically motivated bands.

"My new purple shoes, been amazin' the people next door

And my rock 'n' roll 45s, been enragin' the folks on the lower floor.

I got a way with the girls on my block, they say I'm a real individual.

And when we go down to Smokies and rock

They line up like it's some kinda ritual."

Roger Taylor's words in "Tenement Funster" (from Queen's "Sheer Heart Attack") epitomise for me the results when new wave and fashion mixed, although the song was written four years ago. Taylor captures all that the dolls of the new wave want: flash, impact, outrage individuality.

The new wave fashion, however, isn't as extreme as it was. The bondage gear and the neat tears on tee-shirts and pants has mostly disappeared.

"Real People" though, picked up on the best of the fashion and built on it. From the top down, a short hair-style that could be tossed, combed and what-you-please to look tidy or untidy, shirts and ties (again so sparingly uncasual), straight trousers (jeans were acceptable in that style), and winklepickers made a comeback, although sneakers, training shoes and heeled-boots were also part of the rage.

Overall, the look had to be spectacularly colourful, and the more gaudy the better.

Vogue and Honey have jumped on the image zealously, while the teeny mags (Pink, Diana, Jackie) suddenly discovered that their posters could be beautiful boy-next-door types after those unruly and hairy heavy rockers when power-pop happened with the Pleasers, Stukas, Tonight and the Boyfriends.

The new wave set out to ravage what was once disparagingly called in this paper "the dinosaurs." But with the tenacity of that early burst now having subsided, the big bands have got bigger and the little bands are hanging silver albums on their walls.

It was, in retrospect, naive even to think that major bands whose rock 'n' roll senses had been dulled by ever-increasing royalties, mansions, limousines and residencies at Wembley Empire Pool would be steam-rollered into early retirement. Nevertheless, the new wave arrival did instigate a drastic and very real change of attitude.

For instance, it can no longer be taken for granted that if a band plays a certain type of music in the style of a successful band, then success automatically follows. A couple of years ago, that was happening. As well as that, fans are now demanding more than just competence. They want inspiration.

Consider these names: A Band Called O, Clancy, Budgie, Jess Roden, Cado Belle, Moon, Burlesque, the Heavy Metal Kids, Racing Cars. At one time or another (before new wave), they were being touted as "the next big thing." Then the applecart was upset and bands with no history, no "apprenticeship," brashly took over. History didn't matter.

There's no doubt, either that the big boys were freaked by the activity that was going on below them, not, I think, because they were worried about the pennies rolling in but because they were genuinely afraid that something in rock was happening that they had no control over or knowledge of.

Most of them astutely kept their mouths shut and watched the development until they felt it was legitimate to endorse what was happening and maybe even sign a pact.

So we had Robert Plant and Jimmy Page frequenting the Roxy and dropping the Damned's name in interviews; Townshend feeling an association but still being bemused; and Mick Jagger, who seemed completely out of touch, saying that the Motors were his favourites.

John Entwistle recently admitted that the new wave almost put the Who in their grave and I imagine that it did make a lot of other established bands feel dated. It's perhaps significant that there is a track on the new Who album called "Music Must Change" although the new wave's attitude was more like, "Music must breathe".

There is, however, only one way to answer a threat (and believe me, the major bands were being threatened) and that is to produce the goods. This past 12 months we've seen good albums from the Stones, Springsteen, Dylan and Rod Stewart, while Queen actually went the whole hog on "News Of The World" by de-escalating their production thoroughly to include a straight r&b tune by Brian May, "Sleeping On The Sidewalk."

But to go back to an earlier point: the big bands get bigger, which is, of course, a truism. Status Quo are bigger than ever. Black Sabbath reformed and did a sell-out tour. Genesis need only cough and their audience writhes in spasms of appreciation. ELP do nothing, and still get platinum albums.

But it takes a special magic to draw 70,000 people to the streets. Last May, during the Anti-Nazi Rally from Trafalgar Square to Victoria Park in Hackney, the Clash and the Tom Robinson Band played. Jimmy Pursey, leader of Sham 69, joined them onstage.

Kids these days are certainly more aware of the ins and outs of politics than a couple of years ago when lyrics in songs were irrepressibly steeped in romanticism and climbing stairways to heaven and finishing with women because they couldn't help me with my mind and all that.

The Clash, Tom Robinson and Jimmy Pursey have noticed that, too, and are feeding the crowds all the propaganda they can get their hands on.

Before this is interpreted as a savage put-down, let me just say that I allow *anybody* the freedom to write and say what they want. There are those middle-class, naive supporters of the Socialist Workers' Party who do not. But in saying that and knowing that those three bands have a potentially vast audience to address, I

OZ PUNK SUICIDES

Six months into the Suicide organisation's existence and the label's name tag is beginning to seem more and more apt . . .

Suicide began as a holding company with several subsidiaries, including Suicide records. It scooped up almost the entire force of New Wave/punk to have emerged in the backwash of the English movement.

Jab, The Boys Next Door, The Teenage Radio Stars, The Negatives, Wasted Daze (from Sydney) and The Survivors (from Brisbane) all signed up on the dotted line, whilst X Ray Z were put on loan to the company from Premier Artists.

Of the seven bands who were involved with the label, only four now remain together. Of those four, two are struggling to find work and one, The Teenage Radio Stars, has suffered an almost complete change in line up and style. It seems that the punk image which the label originally fostered has just about punked itself out, and the future of the company hangs under a big question mark.

According to several sources, the company is in dire financial straits. The Boys Next Door are looking for a new distribution deal for their LP which seems unlikely to come out under the Suicide label; despite sales of approximately seven thousand of the compilation LP *Lethal Weapons*, a spokesman from RCA, Suicide's distribution label, told me that unless one of the singles takes off, they will not be releasing any more of this type of music – it's just not "commercially variable."

If Australia ever had punk then these bands were it, and Suicide was the closest approximation of England's Stiff Records that our prosperous land could muster. So, who killed Punk Robin? . . . from the very beginning of this odd company of business men and boys, relationships have been volatile, and now there is a lot of shit flying about just who killed what.

Some accusing fingers . . .

According to Johnny Ray, member of deceased X Ray Z:

"There was an incredible amount of prejudice against both the music and the label . . .

"Suicide was basically Barrie Earl – he was trying to get something off the ground, he was trying to get the label off the ground. Suicide Records has backed the wrong bands – the bands who they thought would be a commercial success weren't the ones with the most talent. There was a lot of ignored talent. Barrie started off holding a banner for punk, then dropped it and started holding the banner for pop.

"Barrie had a lot of dreams . . . I know for a fact that he's never made a cent out of it for himself . . . "

According to Phil Calvert, drummer from Boys Next Door:

"Things are pretty strange at the moment – there is a drought as far as work goes for everyone. We lost a lot of our audience because we were thrown in a package deal. People used one band to judge us all. I can hardly remember a package night when anyone came out with any money in their pockets . . . There was also a feeling that Barrie was playing favourites amongst the bands . . . "

According to Mr. Barrie Earl, an ex-director of Suicide and manager of Boys Next Door and Teenage Radio Stars:

"In Melbourne there are only about seventy or eighty new wave fans – an overseas minority looks like an Australian majority.

"Australia won't accept change . . . the majority of Australian bands refused to have our bands play with them as supports because they didn't play that 'da da da' Australian shit . . . this place is beginning to look like a geriatric ward, Geriatric City.

"*Nobody* would book the bands separately, they just didn't think they would draw!

"The bands should be blaming the industry, I blame the general rock scene for not accepting something new."

Not only does Barrie Earl blame the industry for not accepting something new, he blames the bands for not accepting something old . . .

"The dream is over, the dream is over because of their attitudes of 'fuck the world, fuck the establishment'; the industry is part of the establishment and that attitude never has and never will work in rock 'n' roll.

"What it boils down to is that those bands have not happened. If they had a hit single or a big following, they wouldn't be complaining! Affinity and strength lies in a band itself.

"I think they have made a lot of mistakes, they're fucked and so is their attitude!!

The last person a band ever blames is themselves."

According to a local record dealer . . .

"That whole underground movement was stuffed. Suicide Records was like trying to make General Motors out of a bicycle, and the audience reacted against it. Stiff Records, the punk label in England, worked 'cos they had that scungy, but hip approach!"

And from Bohdan X, member of deceased Jab . . .

"In this country you've gotta sell yourself to a bunch of cretins, you've gotta write bleedin' love songs. There's just not enough people here to support anything slightly avant - garde. Both the singles released so far have been failures."

From the beginning Suicide favoured the stream lined business approach to the 'scungy but hip'. As Barrie Earl puts it:

"Promoters and agents are not interested in promoting new talent, forget the idealism, the whole thing is directed towards one thing – money. My role and my aims in Suicide Records were:–

1. To make records
2. To make money.

"We've had more press for our bands than any Australian band since the sixties - no band is going to get better treatment. The guys had it dished up for them on a silver platter, they went from playing in their bedrooms, to identity and recognition throughout the whole industry!"

And that is the nitty gritty of the problem. The packaging was a little too fancy for the product, it pushed the bands into the limelight prematurely, and actually stultified, rather than enhanced, their development.

To put adolescent bands (apart from X Ray Z none of the bands were over a year old) into a position usually reserved for those who have worked through the mills for years, is to put them under a huge amount of pressure. Those strong and cohesive forces which develop both musically and personally are what keeps a band together; these guys had not had the time to develop these ties, and their history with Suicide was accordingly marked by internal strife and bickering between the members, the different bands and their company.

The bands may not have been musically strong enough to record but they had certainly been treated as if they were and they felt cheated when the offers did not come their way. As Barrie himself points out the Sex Pistols were around for two years before anything happened with them: "It's a longer developing thing. The bands expected things to happen immediately."

Perhaps if they had been left in their garages a little bit longer, they would not have expected so much so soon and have been better prepared for public recognition when it came their way.

If the bands acted a little childishly, they were certainly treated in an according fashion. Before signing up to Suicide, *all their parents were shown the contracts,* and nowadays, speaking to Barrie Earl, one can't help being reminded of the spurned parent . . .

"None of the groups ever came to me, none of them came to me to talk about their problems. The Negatives didn't even tell me they were breaking up, can you believe that!"

And about the package deal:

"We were one happy family until the boys all insisted that they wanted their individuality. Then when they got it, they complained that they were being ignored . . . "

Miranda Brown

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reserve the right to comment upon their work.

All three bands endlessly moan about the state of the country and the social environment. Tom Robinson describes the horror of "The Winter Of '79." Joe Strummer is sick of "Remote Control" and the lack of "Career Opportunities." Jimmy Pursey squeals: "What Have We Got? F-- All." All negatives.

Where's the light? I find their lyrics thoroughly depressing and there are kids who are fighting depression 24 hours a day and are constantly seeking an escape. I think those kids are wrong to look to the lyrics of these bands as an escape, which isn't to say that they should automatically find love and peace with the Brotherhood Of Man.

They would find much more to associate with in songs like "Joey's On The Street", and "Rat Trap," from the Boomtown Rats, where their plight is put with a great deal more logic and most definitely played with more imagination. The characters in those songs, Joey and Billy, live and fight to survive in every city.

The Clash, TRB and Sham 69 are part of what is a generally negative movement that doesn't even have the blessing of a creative musical stance as a saving grace. I could take the band politicking if the music were good, but it's not. Tom Robinson's album must rate as one of the most disappointing this year.

I don't like any of those bands. Maybe you do. Fair enough. They're certainly worthy of a mention in any new wave feature.

But I conclude with two quotes from Bob Geldof, with which I wholeheartedly agree: (on the general political rock scene): "You can be blinded by the ideology without seeing the pragmaticism." (On Tom Robinson): "Don't confuse musical talent with commitment." I rest my case.

As one person so aptly put it: "We had to wait eight years for the new wave to happen. We're going to have a long wait before we get a repeat."

THE SURVIVING PISTOLS CONFESS ALL

Cook and Jones: "We was just in it for the piss-up and the birds after the show."

The Scene: A modern four roomed flat situated somewhere near the Edgware Road. Its two inhabitants, Messrs Paul Cook and Steve Jones, are holding forth in the presence of a cassette recorder capturing every oft-slurred syllable for posterity.

Somehow the interview has zigzagged its way onto the subject of the song *Bodies* - a number from The Sex Pistols' *Bollocks* album, a number written basically by Jones and John Rotten, nee Lydon. Its subject matter - involving a character who undergoes an abortion which produces a spew of disgust and four-letter indignation from Rotten - was seen by the more thoughtful press as irresponsible and morally spurious. Cook and Jones don't see it that way though. (' 'Ere, what does spurious mean?') To them, the story behind the song is all cut and dried.

Says Jones: *'Bodies'* was just written about this nutter bird we know called Pauline who lives in Birmingham, who used to write us these loony fuckin' letters. She 'ad an abortion, right, and she used to carry the, uh, thing (foetus) around, all bloody like, in a plastic bag into pubs and discotheques. Rotten just wrote the song cos he was the one she'd write all the letters to.'

Did you meet her then, I innocently inquire of Jones.

'Meet her?!' he riposts. 'I've shagged her is all! Up behind the Marquee it was.'

A Virgin Records spokesman was at least as succinct in his summation of Jones and Cook's current activities, when I rang to enquire after the on-off nature of the interview you now see laid before you.

'Steve and Paul are currently attempting to beat the Bob Geldof award for all-purpose ligging, as well as setting a new record for sending impressionable young ladies scurrying to various veneral disease clinics situated throughout London.'

He suggested that now that the Speakeasy had shut down, I'd best accomplish the task of tracking the pair down by frequenting any club gig 'of prestigious worth' or else by camping out at the Hammersmith VD Clinic for a while.

Fortunately I was forced to take on neither daunting endeavour, as at 3.30 pm sharp last Friday, Jones and Cook lurched into our offices in search of a four-page spread.

Also, they wanted to clear a few things up - things like them being viewed as nothing more than puppets, things like being slagged by the press when 'toss pots' (their words not mine) like The Clash keep getting rave reviews while they, Jones and Cook, were being the rough end of the wedge for their one-off liaison with 'ole Biggsy'. Not to mention the testy little matter of their current solo work being given the bum's rush by their own record company, because they've chosen to retain the Pistols' monicker for the tracks, when Johnny Rotten has threatened Virgin that he'll destroy all links 'twixt his Public Image and the label if The Sex Pistols' name was used without him being present on the record.

For although Jones and Cook are the first to admit they're 'just lazy sods', and that the description made by the Virgin spokesman is accurate (' 'Ere, this talk about VD clinics isn't gonna damage our pulling power, it is?' remarks Jones at one point), the pair have in fact completed extensive work on a whole album - an album that will most likely emerge as the official soundtrack for the Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle film. Both artefacts are planned for an early October release unless Rotten's lawyers can get some sort of injunction placed on the works.

In retrospect, the Pistols saga seems so absolutely riddled with hypocrisy and idle boasting that, had the band ever stood a chance of surviving, it would have rendered the already somewhat dodgy idealism supposedly inherent in the drive to glory totally shot to shit.

'We were just yer simpleton workin' class tossers what enjoyed going down the boozer and fuckin' about. It was a whole different class thing. Though I'd say this in his defence - John doesn't actually come from a middle class background. But his attitude is pure middle class. All the big words he'd use to try and impress . . . '

Jones claims not to have been overly offended by Rotten's working class fetish.

'Nah, he just loved all the attention, doin' the interviews and that. We couldn't be bothered - we was just in it for the piss-up and the birds after the show.'

Steve Jones' own working class credentials, for what they're worth, are peerless. Born illegitimately ('yeah, I was a bastard - a right bastard'), his real father was a boxer, he claims - although he never recalls meeting him. Instead, his mother married again and his step-father, says Jones, actively disliked 'im.

'Maybe it was some sort of guilt or something, 'cos he couldn't feel anything for me, or just 'cos I was in the way, but he treated me like . . . he just made me feel so fuckin' unwanted. Like, he was always hitting me, cracking me across the face. He was a right prick - I hate him and he knows it.'

One way the pre-pubescent Jones vented the frustrations of being an unwanted child with diabolical grades at school ('I was the class dunce - never made it above the C grade') was to steal.

At eight, it was the usual number of stealing from Woolworths, but by his early teens he'd progressed to clothes, radios, TVs . . . and cars. Thirty-two in all.

'The first motor I nicked was a Ford Anglia. That's when I was 14. Oh, tell a lie - I did swipe a lorry before that.' Jones went from strength to strength as a thief, cat-burgling his way around London until, he says, 'I got my folks back and then some. All the best stuff in the house was in my room. Stereos, a colour telly - you name it - while my folks made do with just a black and white job.

'Not that they helped me much. Like when I was only four, both my dad and mum were copped for thieving - so I could hardly have been said to have a good example to start off with.'

Jones was finally nabbed after quite a charmed life when at sixteen he was noted, pissed as a newt, smashing the window of a hi-fi shop, grabbing a radio and staggering off.

'The police just drove up and I walked straight in the back. I didn't have to say a thing.'

He did however offer 32 other cases to be taken into account. This landed him a year at an approved school where, betwixt being allowed home for weekends, he was forced amongst other chores to work in a school for mongoloids. He shudders at the memory.

Finally, upon release, he returned to a life of crime, swiping the odd car and generally keeping his wallet adequately lined from all manner of heists.

Steve Jones' finest hour, by his own reckoning, was the night he swiped the mikes from Dave Bowie's last gig as Ziggy Stardust at the Hammersmith Odeon.

'We got backstage, sussed it all out, like - got the mini-van round the back - and waited for this one geezer who was in charge to nod off, which he did after a while. Then we sneaked onstage with wire cutters and all you could hear was the snip, snip. Ended up with these 13 microphones plus . . .

"They were recording live that night, so we nabbed these big deluxe Newman jobs. Didn't know what the fuck they were at the time - looked like a bleedin' gorilla's dildo! Also we nabbed Ronson's Sum Amp and some other amp too.'

Then there were the guitars . . .

'I reckon I must've swiped about 16. At least.'

Paul Cook: 'Fuck, more than that Steve!'

Jones: 'Yeah you're right - make that 30.'

'Christ,' he ruminates seriously for a second, 'I could've started me own hire firm by now!'

And now comes the fateful intermingling with 'History'. The Sex Pistols' story has been documented so many times now that it almost groans when set to print, but Jones and Cook do still have some interesting angles.

Jones: 'Well, we did sorta get on because he (Rotten) was obviously chuffed 'bout being in a group an' all, that we'd given him a chance, so to speak, so it started off, uh, OK.

'And he (Rotten) was such a bleedin' liar! Like, he told us he was a Hell's Angel at school. (Laughs). 'Course, he was very, very paranoid - he was an unstable boy 'cos he was doin' so much speed and acid. Like, you'd look at 'is eyes - I'd never seen anything like 'em! Talk about an acid casualty!

'Turns out he was an old hippie. He used to have real long hair and a great coat, hang around the Roundhouse on Sundays and deal acid. Go on, print that! That's the real Johnny Rotten story! He followed Hawkwind about and dealt acid to Lemmy.'

Both Cook and Jones' views on Sid Vicious are marked with anger and regret. Regret because they maintain that Vicious was the Pistols' perfect bass-player ('Sid played it great - no frills - while Glen was all over the shop, always fucking up the sound') at the beginning. And anger because they claim candidly that it was Vicious more than Rotten who brought about the actual break-up.

Jones cites Sid as the principal culprit.

'It was Sid who broke the band up - or at least it was him who provided the straw that broke the camel's back on the American tour, 'cos of his habits. He thought he could do no wrong, be Jack The Lad, while all the time he was fuckin' up, playin' different songs from us.

'It became a nightmare in the end. Like the FBI - it was a known fact - were ready to plant him any second, they were just waiting - and he'd walk onstage with 'Gimme A Fix' scrawled on his chest at every gig.

'As music too it was . . . gawd, if you 'eard a tape you'd think, What is this shit? It sounded bleedin' shockin' and it was no fun anymore.

"I was so bored I just stood there - couldn't be bothered to even move about.

'There were two good gigs - the Jesus place and that one where the cajun band supported us, but otherwise forget it! Actually, it was the last gig in San Francisco that really did it. Like, we fuckin' stunk and six thousand people went nuts - and you think, What's goin' on here?

' 'Have you ever had the feeling you're being conned?' - those were his very last words as a Pistol. The famous last words!'

Nick Kent

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Vinylising

LICENCE TO RAGE – STILETTO (E.M.I.)

One thing Stiletto will become utterly sick of over the next few months is comparisons with Skyhooks.

Comments have already been made about similarities between the two groups, but the fact is that on stage in September, 1978, Stiletto sound almost nothing like Skyhooks. ZZ Top with brain cells is nearer the mark – the last time I saw them they played like a six-piece locomotive hell-bent on running off the rails.

Licence To Rage was, unfortunately for Stiletto, recorded in a studio in May, 1978, a completely different kettle of fish. The six months since this album was recorded has obviously seen a drastic change in musical direction, because on record . . .

. . . boy, do they sound like Skyhooks.

Like early Hooks, the Stiletto on *Licence To Rage* have a social slant in their lyrics, a penchant for irresistible hooks and intriguing key changes, and a completely distinctive lead singer. One of the most pleasing aspects of this album is Jane Clifton's emergence as the most interesting "new" Australian female singer, a compelling focal vocal with an upper register uncannily similar to you-know-who's. The only difference is that Jane simply has more balls, raunch that gives everything they do an edge.

From the start, though, it's obvious there's more happening here than just retreads of Skyhooks circa '72. Stiletto are far more dextrous and mature, more blues-based and, an important difference, more female-oriented.

Like most Australian debut albums, *Licence to Rage* doesn't compare to its own pre-release hype or the live excitement of the band. Stiletto haven't got their live sound down on record, but their advantage is that they never tried to. Instead they opted for a very studio-styled approach, and had the fortune to be graced with an excellent production job from Peter Walker.

The drum sound is fat and solid and there are a lot of guitars all over the place, nearly always with an ear for a lean, muscular sound and minimum power chording. Andrew Bell and Chris Worral burn furiously live and have actually improved out of sight since this album was recorded, but their twin leads here are always clever and to the point.

Vocals are where Stiletto make their mark. Jane Clifton shifts with ease from the lightest pop to the most crushing blues, always reading subtly between the lines. And the group's harmonies are without reproach, the best I've heard on an Australian album. Effectively setting off the mood – be it icy or chirpily commercial – on any song they appear on, they're well mixed to boot.

For me, the only drawback to the album is some of the material, particularly two of Martin Armiger's three songs. *Public Enemy No. 1* and the title track open the album and they're a surprising disappointment to me. Armiger is one of my favourite wasted street urchins and has a whole slew of classic songs up his sleeve, but these two just aren't it. *Licence To Rage* is a curious track to name the album after as it's just a straightforward boogie riff that doesn't quite come off, and *Public Enemy*, similarly, is presumably meant to have a simple charm but doesn't quite get there.

The other bummer for me is *Middle Of The Bed*, a tune that's too light, bright and inconsequential, incongruously paired with Helen Garner's excellent but not exactly happy lyrics.

That's as far as we can go in the nit-picking department, though, because the rest rarely drops below excellent. On vinyl, Stiletto sound a whole lot better when they ditch their rock riffs and follow more poppy or soulful paths.

The crowning glory of this album is a magnificent slow blues called *2nd Home*. It's so down-and-out, pleading and downright desperately painful that you wonder how the stylus can possibly go on tracking after it's all over. I played it and fell off my chair.

Elsewhere, Stiletto get funky and propulsive to great effect on *Not Too Young For Joy*, and *Woman In a Man's World* is as fine an example of their ingenious harmonies as it is of the Hooks comparison, right down to the wah-wah solo and spasmodic riffing. Janie Conway's lyrics are an incisive autobiography:

"Well here's this guy from the agency,
He's part of the arrangement,
Here's a chick that plays electric guitar,
He looks on in amazement."

Knowing how to create an impression, Stiletto close the album with Armiger's genuinely eerie *Rozalyn*. It starts quite jolly until something goes wrong about half way through. The vocals get more and more compelling, the harmonies moan like voices from a holocaust, guitars freak out left right and centre, and the lyrics conjure up nightmares from Armiger's past:

"I found a vein to your heart one night,
When everything was shrinking up wrong.
Your eyes will shine from my wall tonight,
But your perfume lingers on."

"Needles and pins," goes the closing refrain, *"needles and pins . . ."*

Stiletto have got a lot of something, there can be no doubt. In a year of excellent local albums, I find myself going back to this one more than any of its competitors. For most of the others, music travels a clearly identifiable path, but Stiletto think way ahead and just can't be bagged that easily.

Richard Guilliatt

KATY MOFFATT KISSIN' IN THE CALIFORNIA SUN (CBS)

Katy Moffatt is yet another pretender to the throne currently occupied by Linda *we're just good friends* Ronstadt, a point exemplified by the presence of guitarist *Waddy* Wachtel. There are several other *names* including Jim Horn, Rick Vito and ex-Allman Brothers Dickey Betts and Chuck Leavell, but in general the overall impression is that the arrangements are performed just a little too loosely in contrast to the precision with which Ronstadt's records are crafted.

Moffatt's voice is a mixture of styles, most prominently she sounds like a poor Maria Muldaur. She tends to over dramatise her delivery which could be effective in a live performance but which becomes overbearing on record. Her strongest point is her songwriting which shows promise, but her covers of Goffin/King's *Up On The Roof* and Carol Bayer Sager/Peter Allen's *I'd Rather Leave While I'm In Love* add nothing to the original versions or the countless previous interpretations.

The liveliest tracks are *Walkin' After Midnight* and *Kansas City Morning*, both cut at Capricorn Sound Studios, Macon, Georgia with Betts and the Muscle Shoals Horn Section on the former and Leavell on the latter, which make the California tracks sound uninspired. Even though *Kansas City Morning* is a ballad it is given more life than the stilted treatment given some of the other songs. Overall the album suffers from lack of direction and distinctiveness.

Bob Howe

JOHN MILES: "ZARAGON" (EMI)

I'd like to be able to say that John Miles is growing up at last – meaning that his writing and performing have matured enough to make his records listenable for more than one or two plays at a time.

But things haven't changed. I had hoped that his lyrical preoccupation this time around with the changes we all go through, ("The overture is over but for me it's just begun"), was an indication of a new start, but no such luck. *Zaragon* is yet another mish mash of second rate *Supertramp* castoffs and lyrical cliches that thunder out of the speakers like so much bombast, complete with tinkling pianos and swirling harps just to add that touch of mock-dignity to the whole phony concoction.

Too many of the songs are mini-epics, and their content makes the form all the more farcical. Grand musical gestures sit uneasily alongside lines like "Time goes by the spotlight fades you're standing in the dark/ A mystic left with no more spells to weave", *(Plain Jane)*. Worst offender is *Nice Man Jack*, an opus in three parts about Jack the Ripper. It's cliched and unimaginative to the nth degree, and pales beside something like Screaming Lord Suthch's *Hands Of The Ripper*. But then Sutch was a real showman; Miles just likes to think he is.

Ironically enough, the album's best moment comes right in the middle of *Nice Man Jack*, in a heavy metal interlude that at least is played with some sort of commitment. Miles' guitar burns hot for a while, and the immaculate production that gives the whole album a boomy fullness comes into its own. But for the rest of the time I was just plain bored. A complete waste of vinyl.

Phil Collins.

CYBOTRON COLOSSUS (Champagne Records)

For their eponymous first album, Cybotron consisted of Steve Maxwell von Braund and Geoff Green on various exotic pieces of electronics. For the second record, they have expanded the line-up to three to include drummer and percussionist Colin Butcher, who also added an extra synthesizer to their number. Butcher has since been replaced by Chris Guice and a bass player, Mark Jones, has been added as well, so the drift would appear to be towards a more mainstream sound.

It is curious to hear saxophone (from Braund) in the context of this music (processed or otherwise) and I could see that its overuse would intrude. Likewise, the drums add a very specific presence to the set and occasionally they lock into overkill. This applies particularly to the title track where drums and sax combine to the point of oversaturation. But whatever the proportions, their inclusion makes the work less ethereal than other synthesizer bands. Just their being there gives it a rockier feel that requires a more controlled approach from the electronics.

Cybotron are not exactly producing toe-tapping melodies but it is a long way from the lost in space wanderings of the German outfits. However, in some places, where they are left to their own devices (even briefly, as in *Eclipse*), they do pour out some interesting marooned doodles, similar to their earlier album.

Medusa builds to a satisfying climax, but for me the most complete piece is *Raga In Asia Minor*, in which the pace is not so much dominated by drums, yet it maintains that degree of rhythmic intensity that Tangerine Dream used to achieve. In the middle of the track, a dramatic series of explosions occur after which both drums and sax are re-imposed to lay down a more formal structure on which to end the album.

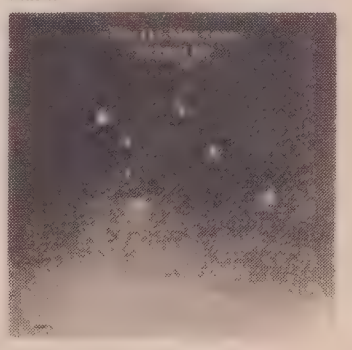
One of the difficulties of this kind of music is the ease with which it can slip into an idling repetition, just ticking over with no motive force. Cybotron do not manage to escape this problem completely, but they have pretty well nailed it down. I suppose the great success of the album is that there are no tell-tale marks of its home-grown origins. Instead of standing out like a bionic thumb, it could easily have emanated from the more expected sources in Europe. That was not true of Braund's first album *(Monster Planet)* so it is to their credit that Cybotron have progressed so far. Seekers of the synthesized cosmos need no longer to look across the waters.

Bill Holdsworth

WILLIE NELSON STARDUST (CBS)

BILLY SWAN YOU'RE OK I'M OK (A&M)

In the sixties Willie Nelson was deemed a little too eccentric for the Nashville establishment, but although he remained an obscure performer, his songs *Night Life*, *Hello Walls* and *Crazy* were recorded by Ray Price, Faron Young and Patsy Cline respectively, all became country standards. The seventies found him spearheading the *outlaw* movement out of Austin, Texas along with Waylon Jennings, and rising to U.S. national fame via his breakthrough album *Red Headed Stranger* and crossover single *Blue Eyes Cryin' In The Rain*.



Hot on the heels of the best-selling *Waylon & Willie* album, his latest solo album *Stardust* has just shot to number one on the American country charts. It consists of him singing ten of his favourite songs (by other authors) in his own inimitable style backed by his regular band with assistance from Booker T. Jones who is also responsible for producing and arranging the album. The songs include such classics as *Stardust*. *Blue Skies*, *All Of Me*, *Moonlight In Vermont*, and *On The Sunny Side Of The Street*. Mickey Raphael plays some fine harmonica, particularly on *Georgia On My Mind* and *Unchained Melody*, and Willie's distinctive guitar is featured on several tracks. They *are* old-fashioned songs but if you're open-minded enough you will appreciate this album. Even if you don't, you have to hand it to him for taking songs by Irving Berlin, George Gershwin and Duke Ellington and selling them to the all too often narrow-minded Nashville.

Booker T. Jones also produced and arranged the songs for Billy Swan's new release. With Swan's brand of country-rock being strongly R&B influenced, they make a good team. The bassman from Booker T. & the MG's, Donald *Duck* Dunn, joins with Jones and members of Kris Kristofferson's band (to which Swan originally belonged) to provide the finely crafted backing with the expected brief guest appearance of Kris and Rita Coolidge on backing vocals. Less expected is the contribution of Leo Sayer who blows a mean blues harmonica on two tracks. Billy Swan has always displayed a strong tie (indirectly most of the time) with Elvis. He produced Tony Joe White's classic *Polk Salad Annie* which was later recorded by Presley as was his own hit *I Can Help* from Swan's album of the same name which contained his brilliantly effective version of *Don't Be Cruel* performed at dirge tempo. On this album he uses Scotty Moore, one of Elvis' original guitar players, and the celebrated backing vocalists. The Jordanaires, veterans of many of the *king's* recordings, to invoke the spirit of greatness without copying Elvis by imitation or parody. They produce some good-time rocking on *Lonely Avenue* and *You Make My Soul Rock 'N' Roll* and in a more subdued moment Swan turns in a fine performance of the country classic *Please Help Me I'm Falling*. This album is the closest he has come to recapturing the freshness of *I Can Help*, his outstanding 1974 debut album.

Bob Howe

Vinylising

WHO ARE YOU
THE WHO
(Phonogram)

The last Who album *Who by Numbers* was released in 1975. I for one thought it really would be the last Who album. Lines like "Goodbye all you punks stay young and stay high/Hand me my chequebook and I'll crawl off to die" from *They are all in Love* seemed to herald the end. Over the ensuing three years there was much evidence to feed the numerous "Who Breakup Imminent" rumours. Townshend was becoming disillusioned with Rock in general and was drinking heavily, Daltrey was becoming more committed to his solo career both as a recording artist and a film star, Entwhistle also had solo projects and was producing other bands and Moon continued to be outrageous, people began suggesting that perhaps his "lunacy" was real. In the English music press Townshend and Daltrey were blaming each other for the band's lack of unity and collectively the Who were in litigation with their management over royalties due and their gigs, besides waning in frequency, were becoming increasingly lacklustre. It seemed the death knell was about to sound . . .

But in 1978 against all odds the Who are still with us, the litigation is over, the Who have finished their film *The Kids are Alright*, Townshend is talking to the press again publicly stating his new found optimism and praising his fellow band members and the world has a new Who album and it's new in every sense of the word.

The production hits you first, Daltrey's voice and Moon's drums bursting out of the speakers. The first song is very autobiographical, it's about Townshend's disillusionment/dissatisfaction when the band goes down well when he knows " . . . it's the same old song with a few new lines and everybody wants to cheer it . . . " but it's a song of survival and Townshend states that things have/are changed, so optimistically/decisively he's called the song *New Song* and the rest of the album goes on to prove it.

The second song *Had Enough* written by Entwhistle starts in typical Who fashion. Over Moon's magnificent drumming, Daltrey delivers the "I'm not going to take anymore of this shit" lyrics with suitable venom. Unexpectedly in comes brass, strings and sugary-sweet backing vocals!! First time you hear it you hate it but its truth gets to you. The truth being that the Who can't remain the writers of "teen anthems" we'd like them to be. The song appears to indicate that the Who have sold out but it's just Entwhistle using these touches to very effectively (some might say disgustingly) state the fact that from now on you can expect anything from the Who *except* the expected. He goes on to prove his point with *905*. In this song Entwhistle casts himself in the role of a test-tube baby. With its nightmarish visions of the future, cloaked in Bowie/Kraftwerk synthesiser gurglings and suitably robot/machine-like drumming from Moon it is a devastatingly chilling song. It's the Who throwing "safety" out the door and it works very well indeed.

The next song *Sister Disco* doesn't work so well. It seems to be a put-down of disco-music but the images and lyrics are too obscure/oblique to let one *definitely* come to that conclusion. Furthermore the synthesiser-work clutters the song adding to the confusion, however the beautiful acoustic guitar at the end rewards your perseverance.

Side One's closing track, the straight-forwardly titled *Music must Change* proves yet again that Roger Daltrey still possesses one of the finest voices in rock and here he effortlessly goes from a seductive purr to a commanding roar. Tinged with blues-style guitar *Music must Change* has the Who once again (third time this side) informing the listener that this is a very rejuvenated and realigned Who indeed.

Side Two's opening track *Trick of the Light* is about a guy visiting a prostitute and worrying about pleasing her. It's a mixture of touching naivety, the pain of loneliness and the ultimate discovery of the emotionally unfulfilling nature of "money first" love. It really rocks and its got "Who classic" stamped all over it.

While *Trick of the Light* deals with sexual paranoia *Guitar and Pen* deals with Townshend's paranoia about his creative ability suddenly drying up. The song reflects the doubt and pressure Townshend must have faced concerning his/the Who's ability to deliver this album. Despite its featuring a superb guitar/synthesiser intro it tries to cover too many bases and the listener eventually gets lost in the song's many twists and turns.

The next song *Love is coming down* will really offend the traditional Who fan, the song is *soaked* in strings but nonetheless it remains a beautiful love (albeit failed love) song given a moving reading by Daltrey.

The closing song *Who are you* is autobiographical, chronicling Townshend's own search for direction/decision but it also points its finger at the listener. The song (fittingly it's also the single) finds the Who wondering who their fans will be now that they have taken a new musical direction. With this album the Who know where they are and the best thing is that none of the songs woos the listener by reiterating failsafe Who trademarks. With this album the Who are off on a new musical journey occasionally getting lost but their saving grace is that they don't particularly care if you come along for the ride.

Peter Paul Bakowski

RORY GALLAGHER
THE STORY OF
RORY GALLAGHER
(Polydor)

Yet another compilation of previously released Rory Gallagher material, this time imported from Germany. The main shortcoming of this collection is that it relies completely on the recordings that are still available and draws none of the excellent material which has unfortunately been deleted. The liner notes are in German but the discography and track listing has been translated and it becomes confusing as it credits some of the songs to other compilations and not their original source, and it also suggests that *Sinner . . . And Saint* was recorded in 1975. In fact it consists of tracks from Gallagher's first two solo albums unsatisfactorily reduced to a single album.

Although the title *The Story Of . . .* suggests that this is history of the man, it contains no tracks from Taste, the powerhouse Irish trio in which he came to prominence, and naturally its span ends when Gallagher switched labels to Chrysalis three years ago. Apart from these flaws it is still the best compilation made to date and with one or two omissions it presents the best of the period to which it is confined. Scattered across this double album are all but two of the tracks from the excellent *Live in Europe* album including guitar features *Messin' With The Kid* and *Laundromat*, the slide-guitar showcase *Bullfrog Blues*, and his mandolin tour de force *Going To My Home Town*.

There are three tracks from the *Irish Tour '74* elpee including his brilliant version of J.B. Hutto's *Too Much Alcohol*, and four cuts from the *Tattoo* album including one of Gallagher's best compositions *Tattoed Lady*. There is only one track from the *Blueprint* album but it is the superb *Walk On Hot Coals*. The remainder of the set is made up of tracks from the *Sinner . . . And Saint* compilation. The glaring omission is no cut representing Gallagher's fine ragtime-style acoustic picking, but his electric playing (which is of course his forte) is adequately presented. This compilation is an excellent introduction to Rory Gallagher's immense talent, but falls short of being a definitive collection of his work to date.

Bob Howe

LEO SAYER
LEO SAYER
(Chrysalis)

The word is that this album is Leo Sayer's attempt to regain the artistic credibility that he lost in the pursuit of commercial success. There can be no argument that the slick production of his last two albums by Richard Perry brought him well and truly into the public eye and the platinum hip easy listening syndrome, but compare them to his earlier classic album *Just a Boy* and you'll notice how lightweight the contents have become. So this time Perry and Sayer have used more sympathetic musicians and avoided the disco-beat that they wore into the ground on the last two efforts.

Sayer's main collaborator for his songs this time is Tom Snow, and the album begins with their composition *Stormy Weather* featuring some nifty harmonica playing by Sayer. The rest of the first side is made up of cover versions including his excellent version of *Dancing The Night Away* written by Russell Smith (of the Amazing Rhythm Aces) and James Brown, and featuring steel guitar and fiddle by David Lindley and acoustic guitars by Dean Parks and Fred Tackett. Sayer also does admirable versions of Andy Fairweather Low's *La Booga Rooga* and the Buddy Holly oldie *Raining In My Heart* with help from guitarists Waddy Wachtel (of Linda Ronstadt's band) and Lindsey Buckingham (Fleetwood Mac).

Side two begins with Sayer and Buckingham dueting on Jackson Browne's *Something Fine*, and the rest of the album is all new songs. The last two are the most outstanding. *Don't Look Away* is a good solid rocker which he handles very well and reminds me of the "heavy" band that backed him on his second Australian tour in 1976 when he was really cooking and pushing his voice to the limit, transforming the gloomier songs of *Another Year* into live rock classics. This time he has the vastly under-rated Davey Johnstone (ex-Elton John) providing screaming guitar. The album closes with a piano/voice ballad *No Looking Back*, one of the best he has done since *Giving It All Away*. Leo Sayer is definitely back on the right track, and picking up steam.

Bob Howe

CARLENE CARTER
CARLENE CARTER
(Warner Bros.)

Here we have the teaming of a young lady from the "first family" of country music with one of the hottest English rock bands; an unlikely combination that is surprisingly successful. Carlene Carter is the great-niece of A.P. Carter, the grand-daddy of country music. Her mother is June Carter, her father is Carl Smith who was a well-known country singer in the late fifties, and her step-father is Johnny Cash. At 22, she has been married twice, and now lives with her two children in Nashville.

She is a blue-eyed blonde with a strong voice, and all this should make her an archetypal female country singer, yet she is a classically trained pianist. The general opinion is that her songs are too pop for Nashville. Ed Tickner, manager of Emmylou Harris, connected her with Warners. His partner Martyn Smith who co-produced the album suggested she travel to London and work with musicians from a band he once handled, Brinsley Schwarz, a defunct pub-rock band named after its leader. Brinsley Schwarz is now a member of Graham Parker's backing band The Rumour, along with keyboardist Bob Andrews. These two produced the album and along with The Rumour's bassist Andrew Bodnar and drummer Steve Goulding they make up the rhythm section for the elpee.

The album kicks off with *Love Is Gone*, a strong rocker with Nick Lowe helping out with the backing vocals. He makes another appearance later playing bass on one of Carter's own songs, *I Once Knew Love*. Graham Parker contributes a song, *Between You and Me*, to which *he* provides backing vocals, and the Rumour Brass make a brief appearance putting the punch into Tracy Nelson's *I've Been There Before*. The track which best illustrates the success of the venture is *Never Together But Close Sometimes*, the single taken from the album. The song is written by Rodney Crowell (ex-Emmylou's Hot Band), and is well suited to Carter's voice. I suspect in its original form it was a more countryfied song, but the Rumour twist it with their brilliant pseudo reggae beat into pulsating pop. Carter's own songs are quite strong, mostly piano-orientated ballads, the exception being *Slow Dance* an uptempo number that shows she has a good future as a writer as well as a performer.

Bob Howe

UK
(Polydor)

The band *was* going to be John Wetton (King Crimson, Roxy Music, Uriah Heep), Bill Bruford (Yes, King Crimson) and Rick Wakeman (Yes, solo extravaganzas). Several lawsuits and about a year later, Wakeman was persuaded to re-join Yes and Eddie Jobson (Curved Air, Roxy Music, Frank Zappa) came into the group, along with Alan Holdsworth (Soft Machine).

Bruford and Wetton as a rhythm section hark back to Crimson's last (debatably most productive) period—a time of clean crisp skinwork and bicep-bass flexing.

That's for re-unions. As for branching out, it's Jobson who takes the honours. Hidden away in Roxy and allowed only a little more freedom with Zappa, here he handles near total freedom with exuberant swooping style.

The music is in the, by now, traditional techno/fusion mould of unorthodox time changes and paint-me-a-landscape moogs. On the whole, Wetton handles the vocals well but he does fall short at times, e.g. a high note at the beginning of *Thirty Years* that seems to completely elude him.

The fact that techno-rock is a hard field to find anything new in is evidenced by an ELP/*Tarkus* sound-nearly-alike with side two's opener *Alaska. Time To Kill* doesn't live up to its title, it's a blistering pacesetter with a dexterous soaring violin solo from Jobson.

Nevermore, one of the album's finest offerings has Bruford and Wetton combining to create not so much a mere rhythm as a complete sound texture, while Jobson and Holdsworth duel on top. Each player offers a musical figure, the other retaliates. Jobson is a clear winner as his moog screeches into the stratosphere at the speed of light. Fusion cum techno rock is an overplayed field these days, with most new releases sounding listless and contrived, even as the players' dextrous doodlings hammer frantically (and vainly) at the door, any door, of inspiration. UK on the other hand have come up with an interesting album. It's not innovative, but it has a cluster of bright moments. If you enjoyed Crimso's last chapter and have an interest in Zappa's avant-garde flirtations, UK is worth a chance.

Burger Fins

LIGGING

MELBOURNE

Thursday night at the Kingston Hotel and history, as they say, was in the making.

The Sports were playing here, the tiny Richmond pub that gave them their first regular gigs 18 months ago, and it was 99% certain the that Future of Polaroid Sunglasses himself, Graham Parker, his manager Dave Robinson, and assorted hangers-on would be lobbing to check them out.

It had the makings of a night to remember, for certain, even more so with Sports firing as they are now, sounding bigger and better than ever. The inclusion of Martin Armiger a month ago may have meant sweet FA to Sports' interstate fans, but to Melbournites it was more than just a line-up change. Armiger, with a list of credentials that includes former Bleeding Hearts and High Rise Bombers guitarist and extremely popular new-wave brekky DJ on RMT-FM, is perhaps the city's best-loved cult hero. His teaming with Sports was as exciting as it was unusual, a fact even the band themselves acknowledge.

And yet here he is, on stage and looking typically wasted, sporting a cheesy grin and laying down the type of heavy-gauge blues solos you thought you'd *never* hear in a Sports song.

In fact Armiger has got just the thing Sports needed. It's called balls, and you know it works wonders. Armiger is Sports' one-man rejuvenation kit —— he sings, he plays guitar straight and hot, he writes truly great songs, and he looks fantastic.

Between him and Andrew Pendlebury, the band now have the perfect twin axe line-up, for Pendlebury can more than hold his own when it comes to the delicate and fancy bits that are another Sports trademark.

Already there are two Armiger songs in the repertoire, both of them amazing. One is Terror Australis, a crunching and sinister rocker worthy of the best of Birdman or The Doors, and after two weeks a stage favourite.

These two, and the half dozen other new songs they played, outdo even Sports' own impeccable standards when it comes to songwriting. Like their album, the group's live repertoire is faultless to a song, and it's only their performance and the crowd's reaction that determine how high the gig will fly.

As it turned out, the audience were a bunch of duds at this particular outing, and Graham Parker (yes, he did turn up) wasn't treated to a night of Sports at their hottest. Parker arrived about half-way through, shuffled around by a gaggle of PR people.

No-one batted an eyelid at Parker's entrance, mainly because his diminutive frame made it difficult for anyone to see him, let alone actually recognise him. After 10 minutes, though, a lanky and bespectacled ligger caught Parker's wiry profile and gigantic blue shades in his gaze, strode over and, with a huge grin, roared at the visibly daunted singer:

"GRAHAM! GOOD TA FUCKIN' SEE YA MATE!"

A few people later went up to him for a chat, but most didn't realise what was happening. Sports seemed slightly nervous and this, combined with the lacklustre audience, made the night an average gig. They played, the audience cheered, and towards the end they were starting to cook, but there was still a lot of energy left unburned at the end.

Parker and Robinson were genuinely stoked by the performance, though. Robinson asserted that Sports could hold their own with any of the top 20 pub bands in London (which isn't hard to believe considering Supercharge's performances down here).

And Parker, high brow intellectual that he is, gave his considered and thoughtful assessment thusly:

"Yeah, right. Fuckin' great band. Really like 'em, y'know".

Richard Guilliatt

Bananas night club in St. Kilda is like the girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead . . . and tonight it's very, very good. The crowd is drawn in triplicate; **Jo Jo Zep** are playing the late night spot, it's Saturday night and there is a rumour (sic) that Graham Parker who's in town promoting his tour, wants to come to the gig tonight (he doesn't make it).

It's very crowded. Like a mini New York, Bananas tests one's endurance — the effects of crowding, jostling and an almost complete lack of oxygen on the human psyche. This venue is not noted for its comfort, but it often pulls a great performance out of a band and a good band makes you easily forget the discomfort.

From the moment they step on the stage, Jo Jo Zep make you forget. Jo Camilleri energises everyone in the place, reducing the audience to stunned toe tapping after the first few frenetic numbers. I'm always horrified watching this guy; I wait for the cardiac arrest as his face gets red, the veins in his neck turn into a junkie's nirvana and his hair into dripping whips that lash at his neck and face.

I watch in rapt horror as he staggers to the back of the stage periodically and wipes his sweating face on the curtains. His face is comparable to Mark Spitz after an Olympic race,; an expression of blank exhaustion as he pants in the oxygen. Just as his breathing begins to slow down, ohh no, he starts again!

Wilbur Wilde, the saxophonist is the hired executioner to Camilleri's folk hero. He watches through his dark glasses as Camilleri gulps desperately at water from a jug, with a cultivated look of boredom. His time is divided between leaning up against the back curtains, playing his saxophone, staring at girls in the audience and peering through the back stage curtain. He performs a complicated smoking ritual with guitarist Jeff Burstin; lighting up a cigarette, he shoves it into the mouth of the playing guitarist, then leaves it. Just as the possibility of suffocation seems on the cards, he will whip it out (sic) of Burstin's mouth and put it in his own.

The bass guitarist, John Powers, stuck out on the limb of the L shaped stage, maintains a frozen stance throughout, his legs apart, body still. His hands alone more rapidly and constantly on the guitar. He and Gary Young gel their playing into one of the tightest rhythm sections I have ever heard. They are the catalyst to Jo's huge energy release.

High points of the night — a riveting sax solo from Jo Camilleri in the song 'Cthulu' (written by Camilleri). Eerie, lonely, exciting the solo transforms this dingy place into a bluesy night club.

And an incredible energy climax in the second last number of the night, 'Ain't Got Much Money' (a Frankie Miller tune) Camilleri swings his arm like a cartwheel to the beat of the music. I look away in horror, this could be the moment . . .

Miranda Brown

PERTH

Six-hundred odd people forked out their two dollars to witness a three hour show featuring **the Elks** and **Western Flyer.**

Flyer were marking their triumphant return from a successful tour of the Eastern states, and the Elks, coincidentally enough, were staging their final show before embarking upon their own tour. So the gig was sort of an Aloha affair (that's Ethnic for hello/goodbye).

As testament to the popularity of both bands a queue that you'd normally associate with a box-office opening swelled outside the Charles hotel despite the nasty weather. All seemed set for a wondrous night's entertainment.

But an argument over billing arose between the two bands. Each had good reason to expect last place on the bill and neither really wanted to back down. So the vibes as well as shortage of time were aimed at blowing the gig.

Eventually the Elks conceded. Unfortunately, no one remembered to tell this to the Elk's guitarist, Dave Brewer. By the time he turned up there were quite a few anti-Elkisms escaping from the restless, near-capacity crowd. It was no real wonder that they failed to deliver one of their more smoking efforts; these boys were pissed off with rock politics and rather disillusioned with life in general. Flyer, on the other hand, left their personal problems off the stage and delivered the goods. Only just, though.

With time running extremely short and the audience appreciative rather than raving, Flyer were hard pressed to make the punters foam at the mouth. They did it by hammering home the final two numbers — the evergreen *I Remember When I Was Young,* and the sublime *Brenda.*

Filling-wise it might have seemed like value for money, but give me one group/one night anyday.

Having said that let me point out that this spring's first Parkerville show will feature Matchbox, Western Flyer and the Roosters. Guaranteed value for money, so keep the September 30 free. Incidentally, Matchbox will also be appearing around the traps from the September 27 until the October 8. And Dave Warner, who won't be appearing at Parkerville because Bottom's still in England, has his album *Mug's Game* released through Festival on October 1st. The single, *Suburban Boy,* should be out a week earlier.

Dave Martin.

BRISBANE

"A Licence To Rage": that would be a good sub-title for the regular concerts held by 4ZZZ-FM at the Brisbane university campus. Actually, that is the name of **Stiletto's** new album and they were in town, 4ZZZ's, Joint Effort being one of their dates.

Some 2000 people were there when Stiletto hit the stage in the cafeteria while the Whittle Family set up in the smaller wing. Front-person Jane Clifton was stunning with leopard skin tights and ragged black zipper-streaked dress. But she has something more solid than an image, she has a great rock voice, one that until recent times would have called ballsy.

While Jane's active performance concentrates attention on her, the coordinated slash guitars of Andrew Bell and Chris Worrall exchange lines strong enough to powder rocks but retaining an innate suppleness. Powering the music along at no mean pace are the unflappable Celeste Howden on bass and no-nonsense Eddie Van Roosedael on drums. What all this means is that Stiletto are one hell of a rock band.

Occasionally, Jane relinquishes the mike to Eddie or Chris for a bit of R&B. "Crossroads", for instance, sees Worrall doing his Lobby Lloyd impression, giving off enough heat to fry brains. But when you're not watching Bell stooping to pick up a hotshot solo or Chris arching backwards to take it from Andrew, it's Jane you watch.

Then, beyond the articulate rock energy, there is an articulate message that demands a hearing. And that's exactly what a large number of people were doing — listening intently to the lyrics of *Mean Bitch, Consumer Rash* and the new single *Goodbye Johnny*.

Unfortunately, Stiletto were not impressed with their own efforts. With the destabilizing effect of the place, the sound out front was great but on stage it was soup and that seemed to dampen their thrust somewhat. Never mind, it was still great. Check out the album sometime.

The Whittle Family are, um, strange. A country and western variety act not so straight from Tamworth, they satirized everything from Johnny Cash to punk but their show in front of this beer-sodden crowd was only partially successful. They need a fully attentive audience and probably a hip one at that.

Of the two support bands, the power trio cum new wavers the Survivors were dogged by an ailing P.A. that all but wrecked their act but the pogoers still headed for the ceiling with unabated enthusiasm. Meanwhile, Fuller Bands And The Debentures put in their usual excellent set. Apart from 25 per cent original content, the songs ranged from Steely Dan to the Ramones to the Tubes. Only one complaint — they do a lousy *Pretty Vacant,* but regardless they are on the way up so see them before they head south.

Bill Holdsworth.

Stiletto's Jane Clifton and Celeste Howdon shake some action.

SYDNEY

Scene: Royal Oak Hotel Chippendale, Sydney. I could tell it was going to be one of those warm, intimate evenings, with the crowd milling nonchalantly a whole six inches away from the band-members' faces. **The Professors** are one of the few bands in Sydney who can pack out their venue every time they play. By 9 o'clock about 40 people had turned up and it was full house.

The audience was your usual motley punky, new-wavey composite — the odd crew-cut here or there, a sprinkling of leather jackets, torn T-shirts, Pistols badges, add one pogoing Aryan-blonde in S.S. black, a couple of fossilised ex-hippies, lace mixture with liberal sniffings of amyl nitrate and you've got the recipe.

The Professors disentangle themselves from the crowd, where they've been boozing and raving to their friends, casually pick up their instruments and attack them ferociously for the next couple of hours. All of a sudden there's a roaring, rushing sea of noise washing around your ears and you can't avoid a primal therapy confrontation with the bank of speakers blasting out within close proximity. In this way, it's hard not to get involved with the Professors' music. It hits you again and again like a sledge-hammer in the hands of some demented psychotic. The material itself is primeval, throw-back punk rock, largely on the Stooges prototype. The Professors play creditable versions of Iggy and the Stooges classic *T.V. Eye* and Radio Birdman's *Do the Pop* as well as some eight or so original songs. Their treatments of hoary time-worn sixties numbers (compulsory fare for new-wave bands these days, it seems) such as *Louie, Louie, Runaway* and *Stepping-Stone* are interesting and innovative. *Louis, Louis,* in fact, is almost unrecognizable, which I find refreshing after sitting through endless, drone-like recreations of this dinosaur.

The key to the Professors' jagged, gutsy style is their impelling momentum. They career through their songs at a painful pace which leaves your feet thumping helplessly like a trip-hammer. Its muscle — aching agony at near-terminal speed but you've just got to respond to the cruel smash of that beat. Arms and legs are jerking to an irresistable reflex-action. Visually, the Professors give the crowd their money's worth also. Singer Steve Vineburg manages to intertwine abrasive aggression with a curious, quirky charm — in the midst of his howling wails he'll all of a sudden flash quick, clean smiles. He's actually honest and unself-conscious enough to register his enjoyment of the music and the moment, unlike many singers who are so preoccupied with projecting their version of the brooding, misfit image. It's nice to get away from the hype for a while. Vineburg, as an Iggy accolyte, tackles a bit of body-bruising theatrics as well. Whilst he grovels and writhes on the floor, bassist Steve Burrell (who looks, incidently, like a long-haired dwarfish distortion of John Paul Young) solemnly walks all over him.

Since the memorable night at the Royal Oak, the Professors have changed their lead guitarist to Bruce Tindale (ex Screaming Abdabs) and carried out an attack on Lismore from which that town will take some time to recover. (They were almost beaten up by the locals for swearing, and suffered the indignity of having their power switched off by the publican). Now back comfortably at the Rex at Kings Cross, they are worth a visit.

Harry Kolotas

BAND OF THE WEEK

TWO VIEWS OF GRAHAM PARKER
State Theatre, Sydney.

Graham Parker is a midget, a fully-grown man in the body of a 15 year old. But once up there under the floodlights, with his Rumour blazing away behind him, Parker assumes the magnetism of a man twice his size. In front of a crowd, he doesn't have time to play, make with the gags or mince words.

His hands strike out into the air and he howls his words to the sky, the balcony and the stalls. He prowls the very edge of the stage and makes eye-to-eye contact with the people he is there for. He bears down on his mike as if threatening to do it violence. He snarls, not sings.

There is only one word to describe the kind of intensity Parker exudes —— it is passion. The passion of a man crying lyrics etched from his own heart and soul, of man who fiercely believes in what he is doing and how well he is doing it.

Believe it or not, Graham Parker does live up to his own hype. Pre-tour reviews that made his concerts sound more like experiments with nuclear fission, and Parker's own assertion that he would blow apart every Australian audience he met had given me the uncomfortable feeling he was about to fall flat on his Pink Parker.

He even had competition from his support band, Sports, who received a surprising but deservedly rapturous reception for their great, great 40 minute set. If things go like this elsewhere the tour will be the best thing that's happened to them.

Parker's magnificent opener was Stick To Me, and from the opening bar The Rumour had moved effortlessly into full overdrive. What can you say about a band like this? Tight, raunchy . . . the favourite cliches just don't get across their actual power, a power born in English pubs and backed by innumerable years of experience that has taught them what's cooking and what's cruising.

As musicians, most of the players in Sports could probably run rings around them, but as a band there are few who could match their telepathic empathy and free, contagious spirit.

Brinsley Schwarz, hair almost cropped, an ill-fitting white dinner jacket hanging from his shoulders, took his solos from the edge of the stage, peering into the crowd and hammering out lick after lick on a gold Flying V or Fender Jazzmaster.

Martin Belmont played guitar with dangerous abandon, scarcely caring at the thought of a bummer note as his six and a half foot frame stalked the stage. Bodnar and Goulding were superbly muscular and powerful. Bob Andrews, ferret features and balding plate glistening under the lights, tried to sing, dance, drink, talk to the front rows and play as many keyboards as he possibly could all at once. He crouched low to the ground, knees bent as he hammered his organ and piano and thrust his face out at the audience. Not only was he absolutely crazy, he was one of the best keyboard players I've ever seen.

Parker's set was drawn intelligently from all his albums, and was as fine a tribute to his songwriting talent as you could wish.

His new songs were, naturally, superb. A raging rocker called *Saturday Night Is Dead* was the most simple thing they did. Passion Is Not An Ordinary Word is probably the name of a beautiful new love song that sent Parker into his most distraught state.

Mercury Poisoning is a vicious put-down of their hopeless American record company, and Parker pressed home the point by striding around the stage and aiming his finger accusingly at various innocent fans, as if they were sales reps sent to spite him.

Every song was a classic, and the only reservation was the running order. It took five or six songs for the audience to return the energy that was pouring off the stage, for while they were with him from the start, few danced. Parker alternated rockers and mid-tempo numbers instead of slowly building to the fever that was obviously going to end this night.

When the call was eventually given for the crowd to get off their butts, though, everyone rose out of their seats en masse and the State Theatre was suddenly turned into one giant party.

The second and final encore said it all *Not If It Pleases Me* started with just Parker, Telecaster slung over his shoulder, punching out the opening chords and lines. The Rumour and those wunnerful horns slid in behind him and lifted the song straight through the roof.

"And if I should steel your
Only girl child . . ."
hollered Parker defiantly,
". . . don't you worry,
Cos I'll drive her wild,
You can't stop me,
Not if it pleases me."

It wasn't nuclear fission, but it was the most convincing, the most inspiring . . . yup, the BEST night of rock 'n' roll I've heard in the last couple of years.

Richard Guilliatt

The master of ceremonies shouted *"On ya toes and break ya nose! It's Graham Parker and the Rumour!"* and from the semi-darkness of the State Theatre's stage came the opening bars of *Stick To Me.*

Here, in the um . . . flesh, was this skinny little jerk in a pale blue t-shirt and college grey suit coat with a fine example of "short rats-tail butchery of the hair" and these huge brown bees-eyes shades looking like a free-wheelin' junkie's nightmare. There on centre stage, totally engulfed and yet absolutely divorced from the oddball disarray of musicians that makes up the Rumour, was the rabid figure of Graham Parker singing *White Honey.*

Obviously visual uniformity is way out. There's still none when the brass section leaves the stage and the Rumour ploughs into a foot tappin' version of *Back To Schooldays* before letting up the pace and allowing Parker to swoon through *Just Can't Get Me No Protection.*

The Rumour. It's always Graham Parker *and* The Rumour. And little wonder! For here we have a well seasoned road band that's honed a rare degree of tightness through years in the pubs. A potent fusion of grit and class, it demands that you *feel Passion Is No Ordinary Word.*

But then, Graham Parker is a fine songwriter who can take some of the best street level lines and put them into haunting and yet enjoyable melodies. And then The Rumour comes through and adds big band class and smoothly executed harmonies with the drummer adding an overriding angelic quality that drops into a riveting vocal crossfire in *Fools Gold.*

Parker stands there hunched over the mike strumming a semi accoustic while The Rumour rollllssss comfortably along the tracks of his songs with an unbroken rollicking pace through something like the superb *Watch The Moon Come Down.*

Until that point in the gig, all was running smoothly. The band settled into the confines of the State quickly and a good, not exciting but good, show was presented.

Then came the rock 'n' roll . . . and the dive.

Thunder and Rain and *Tear Your Playhouse Down* rocked and punched as feet hit the floor. But Parker's piece de resistance, *Hey Lord, Don't Ask Me Questions* was ruined by the din of the band. And that's how it went for the rest of the night. The failure of big band rock: songs like *Heat Treatment, New York Shuffle* and *Soul Shoes* just blasting out without any regard for clarity and good listening. Basically it was down to *on ya feet and bounce the floor, down the balcony and squash the door!*

The capacity audience, which had been rowdy at the beginning, was now going apeshit — eating tufts of carpet and climbing up the ornately decorated walls, demanding encores with a unity that I don't recall witnessing in the past.

And sure enough, Graham Parker and The Rumour returned for two encores of *Hold Back The Night* and *If It Pleases Me.* But I'd had enough. Bad sound had marred what should've been a great gig. But then, maybe I'm getting too old for rock 'n' roll. Jeeze, I'll be 21 in December!

Andrew McMillan

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SYDNEY

Avalon R.S.L. Club
October
1 The Boys Next Door

Maitland R.S.L. Club
September
22 O'l 55
29 Rose Tattoo

Corrimal Leagues Club
October
4 Rose Tattoo

September
27 Front Page/Dennis Wilson Comb & Cutter

September
5 Rose Tattoo

Maroubra Seals Club
September
22, 23 & 24 The Syndicate

Florida Hotel — Terrigal
September
22 & 23 Feather

Bay View Tavern
September
22 Anne Kirk Patrick Band
23 Radiators
28 Sidewinder
30 Feather

Castle Hill R.S.L. Club
September
26 Jo Jo Zep

Long Jetty Hotel — The Entrance
September
22 Doug Parkinson & The Southern Star Band
29 Feather

Port Kembla Leagues
September
28 Stars

October
5 Angels

Stage Door Tavern
September
22 Rose Tattoo/Wallrus
23 Angels/Cunning Stunts
27 Jo Jo Zep/ Boys Next Door
28 20th Century/Ceronama
29 Midnight Oil/Dennis Wilson Band

October
6 The Elks/The Radiators

Pleasures Wine Bar — Belgrave St. Kogarah
September
28 O'l 55

October
3 Barry Leef Band
5 Stylus

Kings Cross Rex
September
22 Banana Republic
23 Cyril B. Bunter Band
28 Kamakazee Kids
29 Mental As Anything/Wasted Daze
3- X
5- Kamakazee Kids

Bevy's Wine Bar — Military Rd. Mosman
September
23 & 25 Ray Catt

October
1 & 3 Ray Catt

French's Tavern — Darlinghurst
September
22 Arnham
23 The Layabouts (arvo) The Clones (eve)
25 Dennis Wilson Band
26 Garbo
29 Skaam
30 The Layabouts/The Press

October
2- Two Way Garden
6- Jasmine

Marayong Community Centre
September
29 Nuclear Whiz Kids/U.K.E.

Bondi Lifesaver
September
22 Cunning Stunts/Midnight Oil
23 Jimmy & The Boys
24 The Radiators/Stiletto
26 Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons
27 20th Century
28 Full Page
29 Boys Next Door

October
1 Radiators
2 Midnight Oil
4 Dennis Wilson Band
5 Radiators/Jimmy & The Boys

Flicks — Manly
September
26 Feather
28 Rose Tattoo
29 Cold Chisel
30 Jo Jo Zep

October
2 Angels/Feather

Bondi Lifesaver
September
23 Jimmy & The Boys
28 Sidewinder/Smoke Stack Lightning

Coogee Bay Hotel—Selinas
September
22 Stiletto
23 Midnight Oil/Greg Quill & Souther Cross
27 Rose Tattoo
28 Two Way Garden
29 Front Page
30 Moonlight

Jam Disco—Leppington
September
23 Contraband (Finch)
24 Rose Tattoo

October
1 Rose Tattoo

University of New South Wales
September
27 Anne Kirk Patrick Band—Roundhouse—12.30/Col Nolan Trio—Stage 3 Building

October
4 Col Nolan Trio—Stage 3 Building

Royal Antler Hotel—Narabeen
September
22 Kamakazee Kids
23 Greg Quill & Southern Cross
29 X
30 Mental As Anything/Ski

Civic Hotel—Goulburn St. City
September
22 Cyril B. Bunter Band
23 X
25 Anne Kirk Patrick Band
26 Smoke Stack Lightning
27 Sidewinder/Hokum-On-Somble (downstairs)
28 Mental As Anything
29 Cyril B. Bunter Band
30 Boys Next Door/Two Way Garden

October
2 Anne Kirk Patrick Band
3 Elks
4 X/Hokum-On-Somble (downstairs)
5 Mental As Anything

Ocean Beach Hotel
September
23 Dennis Wilson

Ambassador Night Club
September
27, 28, 29 De Syndicate

War & Peace—Parammatta
September
23 & 23 Voodoo
25 De Syndicate

ADELAIDE

Tivoli, Pirie Street, City
September
27 Rum Jungle
28 Red Eye
30 Young Modern, Emergency, Elevators

October
3 Stiletto
4 Rum Jungle
5 Red Eye

St. Leonards, Anzac Highway, Glenelg
September
27 Angels
28 Russell Morris

October
4 Scandal
5 Ted Mulry Gang

Findon Hotel, Grange Road, Findon
September
27 Russell Morris

October
4, 7, 8 Ted Mulry Gang

Lord Melbourne, Melbourne Street, North Adelaide
September
28 Cunning Stunt
29 Rum Jungle
30 Middle Class

October
5 Cunning Stunt
6 Rum Jungle
7 Middle Class

Marryatville, Kensington Road, Marryatville
September
28 Angels

October
5, 6, 7 Stiletto
8 Stiletto, Daniel

Arkaba
September
29, 30 Angels

October
6, 7, 8 Scandal

Countdown, Hindley Street, City
September
29, 30 Russell Morris

Pooraka
October
6 Ol'55, Ted Mulry Gang

PERTH

The City Hotel
September
28 Free Emission
29 Everest
30 Visitor

Victoria Hotel
September
30 Penguins

Karrinyup Tavern
September
30 Free Emission

The White Sands
September
28 Free Emission
29 Western Flyer
30 Everest

Alberts Tavern
September
27 Visitor

The George Hotel
September
27 Free Emission
28 Rag-a-Bones
29 Roosters
30 Twice Shy

Raffles Hotel
September
28 Everest

The Railway Hotel
September
27 Everest
28 Midget and the Farrellys
29 Free Emission

Albion Hotel
September
28 Twice Shy
29 Bag-a-Bones

Shenton Park Hotel
September
29 Twice Shy
30 Western Flyer

Mosman Park Hotel
September
28 White Jam
30 Midget and the Farrellys

Broadway Tavern
September
28 Visitor

MELBOURNE

Martinis, Cnr. Neil & Rathdowne, Carlton

September 22nd—October 6

22 Greg Quills Southern Cross
23 arvo News, nite, Elks
25 New Holland Band
26 Tram
27 Dave Hole Band
28 Stiletto
29 High Rise Bombers
30 arvo, News, nite Greg Quills Southern Cross
2 New Holland Band
3 Tram
4 Dave Hole Band
5 Red Hot Peppers
6 Ross Wilsons Mondo Rock

Prospect Hill Hotel, High St, Kew
22 Orpheus
23 arvo Savanah Silver Band, nite Gypsy
25 Elks
26 Mike Rudds Instant Replay
27 Greg Quills Southern Cross
28 Ross Wilsons Mondo Rock
29 Orpheus
30 arvo Savanah Silver Band, nite Gypsy

Bombay Rock, Brunswick Road, Footscray
22 Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons, Elks, Dave Hole Band
23 Greg Quills Southern Cross, Jim Keays, Texas
24 Russell Morris, Roller Coaster
27 Ross Wilsons Mondo Rock, Elks
30 Cold Chisel, Blackfeather
1 Mike Rudds Instant Replay
6 Red Hot Peppers, Russell Morris

Kingston Hotel, Highett Street, Richmond
22 Jivers
23 Flying Tackle
28 Pressure Drop
29 Dr. Pepper & The Interns
30 Loaded Dice
5 Boys Next Door
6 Sports

Station Hotel, Greville St. Prahran
September
22 Sounds From Earth
23 Elks arvo, Blue Rockets nite
26 Greg Quill Southern Cross
28 Flying Tackle
29 Dave Hole Band
30 Greg Quill Southern Cross arvo, blue rockets nite

Bananas, The Esplanade
22 Jim Keays
23 Russell Morris
27 Black Feather/Mickey Finn
28 Stylus
29 Elks
30 Mike Rudds Instant Replay
4 Black Feather/Sweet Jane
5 Greg Quills Southern Cross
6 Ross Wilsons Mondo Rock

Hearts (Formerly Polaris Inn) Nicholson St., Fitzroy
22 Secret Police
23 Greg Quills Southern Cross
27 High Rise Bombers
28 Elks
29 Stiletto
30 Red Hot Peppers
4 High Rise Bombers
5 Greg Quills Southern Cross
6 Flying Tackle

Club Hotel, Cnr Spencer & Lartrobe Sts.
September
22 Wild Life
23 Secret Police
29 The Dogs
30 La Femme

Stuarts Hotel—Cnr Drummond & Elgin Sts
September
30 The Dogs

BRISBANE

Top Of The State, Albert St.
September
27—30 Summer

October
2—7, 9, 10 Stax

Homestead Hotel, Zillmere
September
26—30 Skintight

October
3—7, 10 Beagle Boys

Redbrick Hotel, Annerley
September
28 The Bush Band
29 The Last Hand Band

October
5 The Bush Band
6 The Last Hand Band

Queens Hotel, Creek St.
September
27 The Sports, The Numbers
28 Breakdown, Diamond
29 Bentley's Boogie Band
30 The Sports, Fuller Banks And The Debentures

October
4 Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons, The Survivors
5 Free Cigarette, Ronnie Rebbit And The Toadettes
6 Fuller Banks And the Debentures, Nivada
7 Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons, Metro Taxi

Curry Shop, George St.
September
27 Dim Sin
28 John Karkeet & Co
30 Mother There's Something In The Attick And It Flaps

October
1 The Numbers
4 Tryst
5 Sandy Pollard
7 Mother There's Something In The Attic And It Flaps
8 Ronnie Rebbit And The Toadettes

Melbourne Hotel, West End
September
27 Bentley's Boogie Band
28 ABC Jazz Show
29 Ken Herron Jazz Band
30 Country Music night

October
4 Bentley's Boogie Band
5 ABC Jazz Show
6 Ken Herron Jazz Band
7 Country Music night

Jindalee Hotel, Jindalee
September
27—30 Wickety-Wak

October
3—7, 10 Wickety-Wak

Brackenridge Tavern, Brackenridge
September
27—30 Felix
October
3—7 Felix

Mamie's, Brunswick St.
September
27—30 Ursa Major
October
4—7, 10 Ursa Major

Pips, Elizabeth St.
September
27—30 Black Magic
October
4—4, 10 Black Magic

Queensland Institute of Technology, George St.
September
26 The Sports (lunchtime)

Griffith University, Nathan
September
29 The Sports

Windsor-Zillmere Football Club, Zillmere
October
1 True Blue
8 The Beagle Boys

Easts Football Club, Stones Corner
October
1 Jimmy And The Boys

Brothers Football Club, Grange
October
1 Vibrents

Ceasar's Palace, Toowoomba
September
27—30 Vibrents
October
2—7, 9, 10 Vibrents

Playroom, Tallebudgera
September
27—30 Circus
October
3—7, 10 Circus

CANBERRA

The Floyd
September
22 & 23 Red Hot Peppers/ Cold Chisel
24 Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons

October
4 Two Way Garden

Australian National University
October
3 Two Way Garden (evening)

Canberra Technical College
October
28 Two Way Garden (lunch time)

TOURS

BETTE MIDLER
October
26 & 27 Sydney, State Theatre
November
2 & 3 Melbourne, Palais Theatre
8 Perth, Entertainment Centre
11 Adelaide, Apollo Stadium
13 Brisbane, Festival Hall

GRAHAM PARKER W. SPORTS
September
20 Sydney State Theatre
22 Newcastle Civic Theatre
24 Brisbane Festival Theatre

SHERBET
September
23 Bathurst City Hall
24 Orange Amoco Centre
25 Dubbo Civic Centre

MANHATTAN TRANSFER
October
23, 24 & 25 Melbourne Hilton Hotel
28, 30 & 31 Sydney Hilton Hotel

LITTLE RIVER BAND
October
5 Great Keppel Island
7 Townsville Ampitheatre
9 Brisbane Festival Hall
10 Newcastle Civic Theatre
12 Sydney Regent Theatre
16 Canberra Civic Theatre
17 Albury Regent Theatre
19 Melbourne Festival Hall

CHRIS BARBER JAZZ & BLUES BAND
September
28 Sydney Town Hall

RANDY STONEHILL
September
22 Melbourne Dallas Brook's Hall
23 Sydney Hordern Pavillion
24 Kempsy Town Hall

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN
November
3 Sydney Regent Theatre
7 Newcastle Civic Theatre
10 Brisbane Festival Hall
13 Perth Entertainment
15 Adelaide Festival Theatre
20 Melbourne Palais Theatre

BILLY CONNOLLY
September
22 Sydney State Theatre
27 Canberra Theatre
29 Melbourne Palais Theatre

DON McLEAN
September
23 Lismore Town Hall
24 Brisbane Her Majesty's Theatre
26 Townsville Dean Park
29 Newcastle Civic Theatre
October
3 Perth Concert Hall
6 Adelaide City Hall
8 Launceston Princes Theatre

DRAGON
September
26 Auckland Town Hall
27 Hamilton
29 Wellington Town Hall

BOMBAY ROCK

AUSTRALIA'S ROCK 'N' ROLL HEADQUARTERS

22 Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons, Elks, Dave Hole Band.

23 Greg Quills, Southern Cross, Jim Keays, Texas.

24 Russell Morris, Roller Coaster.

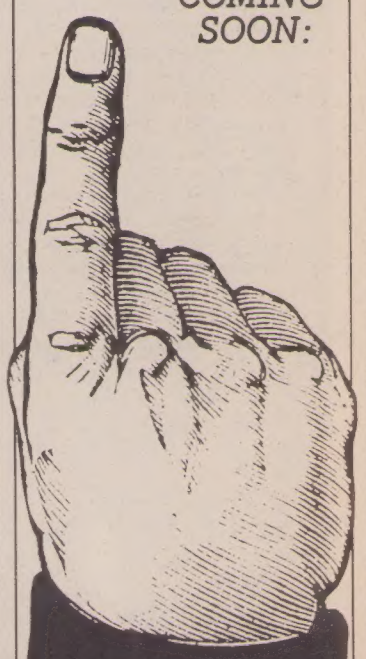
27 Ross Wilson's Mondo Rock, Elks.

30 Cold Chisel, Blackfeather.

1 Mike Rudd's Instant Replay.

6 Red Hot Peppers, Russell Morris.

COMING SOON:



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